

# MINNESOTA HISTORY

*A*  
*Quarterly*  
*Magazine*

Volume 12.      Number 2  
Whole Number 62  
June, 1931



THE RUINS OF FARTHER-AND-GAY CASTLE  
[From a photograph in the possession of the Minnesota Historical Society.]

## A VISIT TO FARTHER-AND-GAY CASTLE

### INTRODUCTION

Among the traits that endeared the late William W. Folwell to the people of Minnesota was his lively imagination, coupled with a certain whimsical way of looking out upon the passing scene. That he could write serious history, could even grapple successfully with the tremendous task of producing a full-length history of an American commonwealth, with due regard to the responsibilities of a scientific scholar in the use of sources of information, his four-volume *History of Minnesota* demonstrates. Needless to say, his flair for the whimsical did not find much outlet in that formidable work, though the watchful reader will occasionally find, perhaps hidden away in a footnote, some sly turn of phrase that is characteristically Folwellian.

Now and then, however, Dr. Folwell took delight in presenting history in a guise other than the sober prose of his *magnum opus*. When he was asked to give an address at the annual meeting of the Minnesota Historical Society in 1925, for example, he chose instead to submit a letter purporting to have been written at St. Paul's Landing on a summer's day in 1849 by an eager young pioneer who had recently arrived on that frontier scene. Dr. Folwell requested that this letter be read at the meeting, with the explanation that he believed members of the society would find the document one of interest. There is some reason for believing that Dr. Folwell would have been pleased if the officials of the society had fallen victims to his pleasant little deception. The letter was in fact an imaginary one, written by Dr. Folwell himself, but written with a gusto and with a knowledge of the pioneer scene that might readily have caused the unquestioning acceptance of the document by many. The superintendent of the

society solved the secret of the letter's authorship after careful examination, but when he presented the letter at a luncheon session of the annual meeting apparently few or none suspected that it came from the pen of Dr. Folwell and not from that of some breezy traveler of 1849. Indeed, a newspaper reporter was so impressed by the letter that she found no difficulty in describing the nonexistent original as "yellowed with the years since 1849."<sup>1</sup>

Late in 1925 Dr. Folwell returned to the congenial task of enlivening Minnesota history with the play of his vigorous imagination. The result was the series of imaginary letters that are published herewith. In a sense these letters are a venture by the author into the realm of historical fiction. One does not need to read far, however, before discovering that the author had studied the historical scene and setting with great care and that, for the most part, the alleged facts that he sets forth can be substantiated from historical records.

No extended introduction to the letters is necessary. In fact, a part of their fascination lies in the gradual unfolding of the story; and the reader must not neglect the footnotes that the author provided to give the entire enterprise that touch of gravity which he felt the sober perusal of an historical document demanded. These the editor has taken the liberty of supplementing where further explanation has been considered desirable. It may be noted that the letters were read not long ago by a grandson of Joseph R. Brown, Mr. George G. Allanson of Wheaton, and that they evoked this comment from him: "I marveled at Dr. Folwell's ability to picture so accurately scenes and characters that he had never seen, for his descriptions of my mother and aunts fitted them perfectly." It should be added that Mr. Allanson has very kindly aided the editor in solving some of the puzzling little editorial questions that the publication of the letters involved. *Ed.*

<sup>1</sup> The document was later published under the title "Minnesota in 1849: An Imaginary Letter," *ante*, 6: 34-40. *Ed.*



ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA, August 15, 1861

MY DEAR FATHER:—

The Browns have invited me again to visit them. The major sends word that he wants me to be at the housewarming of the new house they have just moved into, and he has arranged for my journey. Brother and sister say there is no more danger than there would be in going out to Fairfax Court House. I will write you all about what I see and hear.

Ever your affectionate daughter

CASSIE

SACRED HEART, MINNESOTA, August 19, 1861, Monday.

DEAR FOLKS AT HOME:

This is a rainy day so I can begin writing about all I see and hear, as I promised (I wish I hadn't) to do if I came out to the Browns. I told you about the lovely trip I had coming up from Galena in the *War Eagle*, a boat as fine in every way as any of those which run down the Potomac to Old Point or Newport. It was a different kind of craft which brought me from St. Paul up the Minnesota River to Henderson on last Friday. The *Antelope* is a short, dumpy, scow-like boat with a paddle wheel at the stern as long as the boat is wide. The standing joke is that "sternwheelers" will run in any heavy dew.<sup>2</sup>

The captain told me that Major Brown had laid out Henderson six years ago and started roads like spokes of a wheel to make the town a center of business. I passed the night comfortably in the hotel of the place, and was ready for an early start with Major Brown, who had come from his home on business the day before. He had a light two-horse wagon, with one seat in place and various bags and packages behind.

The road climbed diagonally up quite a steep hill—bluff they call it—and took a nearly due west direction over the prairie. I had supposed that prairie meant desert. It don't; prairie in this season is a vast, natural flower garden. Goldenrod and asters,

<sup>2</sup> The "*Equator*" is described as a boat "that will only require a heavy dew to enable her to run" in a newspaper advertisement of 1857, reproduced *ante*, 11: 134. *Ed.*

mile upon mile, with here and there a clump of trees in low places they call sloos [*sloughs*]. The major did not talk down to me but just chatted as if we were chums. At noon we "camped," as they call it, in the shade by a pretty lake. The horses had their heads in nosebags and we had a little snack out of a covered basket and a canteen. The canteen held nothing but water, for the major never drinks anything stronger. We were just about to decamp, when up came from the west a man in a single buggy. He was apparently not going to stop but when the major sprang up and waved to him he pulled up and got out, a man nearly if not quite six feet tall, broad-shouldered, athletic in figure and movement, with big but shapely hands. I did not make out his dress under the linen duster he wore. An easy straw hat covered his sunburnt face. The two had a short and earnest conversation and the stranger drove off. I could not help noticing his horse, muscular, clean-limbed, beautiful head and neck, a flashing eye, and black as coal.<sup>3</sup> As we took the road I could hardly wait to ask who the tall and very distinguished gentleman might be and what was he doing out on that prairie. "Why," said the major, "that's Henry Whipple, the new Episcopal bishop. He came out here two years ago and is making things lively for his church people and other people too. He had not been three months in the territory before he came out here to see Indians. He found that the lower Sioux had had no missionary for seven years. He sent a young parson right off, raised some money, built a little church, and sent on a young woman to start a school. He's a good Democrat and if he had stayed in politics in New York state he would have risen high, I'm sure. He came this morning from the Redwood agency, where he has started a mission for the Sioux Indians thereabout. He said things were quiet there, but there was a bad state of mind among the Indians. They seemed to be mad about something."

After I had exclaimed several times on the smoothness of the

<sup>3</sup> Evidently the famous Bashaw, who carried his master thousands of miles before the days of the railroad. *W. W. F.*

road right on the natural sod, the major said these roads are still a wonder to him after having traveled them for nearly twenty-five years. Dry hard in summer and frozen hard in winter, they made good wheeling except in short break-up periods. He thought a long time about applying steam to prairie navigation, and designed a steam wagon. He had one constructed in New York and sent out to Henderson last year. His engineer fired it up and ran it about the streets and up and down hill. It seemed all right and they started it for Fort Ridgely with a loaded wagon in tow. It mounted the bluff and took the road. It did not make the speed they expected, but jogged along comfortably till it reached a bad slue [*slough*] east of the fort, where something went wrong. The machine got off the road, half sank in the mire and half tipped over. "Why, by George," said the major, "here's the wreck now." He added that he had designed a wagon so much better that he did not care to salvage the wreck except to take the oscillating—what's oscillating?—engine out.<sup>4</sup>

It was still daylight when we drove into Fort Ridgely and directly to the house of the sutler, Major B[enjamin] H. Randall.<sup>5</sup> Greetings were very cordial and Mrs. Randall made me feel at home at once. She had a nice little supper of cold corned beef and creamed potatoes for us, and for a treat served some wild crab-apple preserves. My, aren't they spicy! Mother's North Carolina persimmons are not to be compared with them. After supper the commandant of the post came to call.<sup>6</sup>

Later the two majors got to talking about territorial days in which both—I should think—must have played leading parts. A mention of service in the legislature made Major Randall flare

<sup>4</sup> For a detailed account of Major Brown's steam wagon, see Dr. Follwell's *History of Minnesota*, 3: 351-357 (St. Paul, 1926). *Ed.*

<sup>5</sup> Sutlers at Indian posts, as well as agents, had the courtesy title of "major." *W. W. F.*

<sup>6</sup> From July 5 to August 20, 1861, Captain H. H. Western of the Second Minnesota Volunteer Infantry was commandant of Fort Ridgely. A complete list of the "post commanders" appears in a manuscript history of "Fort Ridgely, Minnesota," p. 10, in the possession of the Minnesota Historical Society. *Ed.*

up. "Yes," he said, "I was in that legislature of 1851 and helped put through a bill to establish a university at St. Anthony," a smart young city a few miles above St. Paul, which I am to see when I get back. The legislature elected a good board of trustees, who erected a good sized building on a lot some citizen gave for the purpose, and started a school. It was a good little school and was going on all right till 1854. In '55, the boom year, Gorman — Governor Gorman — prophesied that the state would have 350,000 people in three years. There was a new board in '56 and they caught the boom fever. A majority of a bare quorum voted to borrow \$50,000 and put the money into a college building on a new site, expecting the legislature to pay the bill. The panic of '57 came on and the legislature had to borrow money at twenty per cent to pay its own per diem. Four years have run past, and now Governor Ramsey is proposing to the legislature to turn the government land grant over to the creditors and wind the thing up.

I did not understand what caused Major Brown to free his mind about Fort Ridgely. In the first place — I give only the substance — the location was a stupid thing. The fort ought to have been placed at the mouth of the Yellow Medicine River forty miles up the Minnesota, where the wild Sioux live. In the next place, it was absurd to fit it out as an artillery post. There should have been a garrison or a squadron of field artillery, one of them mounted.<sup>7</sup> "And then," the major went on, "they never built a stockade around the post. The fur company knew better. My trading post at Lake Traverse in the thirties had a high and stout stockade. A dozen good men with rifles could have stood a thousand Indians with their smooth iron, double-barrelled shot guns. The act of stupidity, however, was the failure to provide

<sup>7</sup> Major Brown probably had in mind the experience of the artillerymen of Fort Ridgely in 1857 in the pursuit of the outlaw Inkpaduta, who had murdered seven white people and carried off four white women. Captain Bernard E. Bee of Company D, Tenth United States Infantry, — afterwards of the Confederate Army, — and his company chased the scoundrel on foot for a week and never came in sight of him. Dr. Thomas S. Williamson, the missionary, regarded this failure as the bottom cause of the Sioux Outbreak. *W. W. F.*

any inside water supply. For eight years the garrison has been supplied with water hauled up in barrels on wagons a half mile up hill." Major Brown mentioned Bishop Whipple's report about having found the Indians mad about something and said he felt some anxiety about it. Mr. Randall said he did not think it amounted to much; the Indians were always growling about something.

Good Mrs. Randall took pity on me and led me up to a dainty little bedroom, where I slept the sleep of the just who digest, as the French say.

We did not need to take an early start on Saturday morning and stayed to see the guard mount. The traditional ceremony was gone through with as exactly with the one fife and one snare drum as if the marine band were there to beat off. In the little group of spectators were two men with whom I exchanged greetings. One was John Jones, the regular ordnance sergeant, who had been left when the regular artillery troops were taken away.<sup>8</sup> He talked as if he had a kind of ownership of those guns, six field pieces and two twenty-four pounders. He had taken much pleasure in drilling three or four volunteer gun detachments in the use of the guns.<sup>9</sup> The other notable character was Peter Quinn, the interpreter for the post. He was beginning to tell me of one of his remarkable experiences with Indians when the major drove up and carried me away.

The fort I should say is no stronghold for defense. There is a large square parade ground; on the north side (appears east to me) is the principal building—the stone barracks for the soldiers two storeys high. On the east and west sides of the square are officers' quarters and quartermasters' storages. On the south facing the barracks are the comfortable quarters and office of the post commandant. Many small buildings are scattered on all sides of

<sup>8</sup> For an account of Jones's services, see Folwell, *Minnesota*, 2:130 (St. Paul, 1924). *Ed.*

<sup>9</sup> It is well known that but for the part taken by Sergeant Jones and his volunteer gunners, Fort Ridgely probably would have been captured by the Indians in August, 1862. *W. W. F.*

the fort proper — the sutler's house and store, the ammunition magazine, stables and log houses for soldiers' families.<sup>10</sup>

Our road from the fort lay along the Fort Abercrombie trail some distance from the river to get around the heads of several coulies, as they call ravines out here. Some twelve miles up a road leading to the Redwood ferry and the lower agency branched off to our left. Late in the afternoon we left the Abercrombie trail for the lower road and soon came in sight of the Brown house. The major did not drive to what looked to me as the front door of the large house, but turned into an ascending road partly dug into the bluff and stopped at the carriage entrance on the level of the second storey of the house. I had a warm welcome from Ellen and Amanda, who made me known to the rest of the family present. I was glad to have a good supper, some pleasant talk with the girls about our school days together, and a good night's sleep.

I found Sunday morning that the Browns did not intend that I should find life dull in their far-off prairie home. They had laid out a regular plan of sightseeing. Sunday we would go to church and today the major, who had some business there, would drive Ellen and me to the Yellow Medicine agency. The rain of today has put off that trip, but on Sunday, yesterday, a carriage load and two or three on horseback went to the Episcopal mission church at the lower agency.<sup>11</sup> The Browns are, as you know, all Episcopalians except Ellen. When a young girl she was at school at a convent in St. Paul. The good nuns were so kind and persuasive that they made a Catholic of her. The lower agency we found a very quiet place. There is a long place for a street along the sides of which the buildings are loosely strung — the big stone government warehouse, the council house, traders' stores, the little church, and dwellings. The Indians live in a half dozen separate villages on the Minnesota River or little creeks running

<sup>10</sup> A plan of Fort Ridgely and a map showing its location are to be found in the manuscript history of the post. *Ed.*

<sup>11</sup> For an account of the founding of this mission, see Henry B. Whipple, *Lights and Shadows of a Long Episcopate*, 61 (New York, 1900). *Ed.*

into the river. A large number cultivate little farms, and live much like white people.

The little church was well filled with white and mixed-blood people. The only Indian I saw was Little Crow. I recognized him at once. Father, as you know, showed him to us three or four years ago when he came to Washington with other chiefs to make a treaty. He wore a good suit of citizens clothes with a very high linen collar and moccasins in place of shoes.

The service—our ordinary "Morning Prayer"—was very decently conducted by the young minister, the chants and hymns well sung to familiar tunes. The sermon was good enough, but I have to confess that my mind wandered a good deal. It's a fact that I was thinking of you all at home much of the time. After church the minister greeted the Browns and introduced his assistant teacher, Miss [Emily J.] West, who had led the singing. Other persons I saw or was made known to were Mr. [Louis?] Robert and Mr. [William H.] Forbes, the leading traders, Mr. [James W.] Lynd, a clerk in one of the stores, and Mr. Philander Prescott and his Dakota wife.<sup>12</sup> Mr. Prescott I was told on the way home was a person of importance. He had come to Minnesota before the territory was organized as a trader's employee and had become a very competent and—as if that were a distinction—a very honest and reliable interpreter. On account of his intimate knowledge of the Dakota he was invited by Schoolcraft to contribute articles to his great quarto history of the Indian tribes.

There was a late dinner, a good rest, and a pick-up supper. Then came what I learned was the ordinary thing, the Sunday night sing. Amanda played the melodeon and the girls and I sang our parts and the major and the boys theirs. I can't write down all the old hymns we sang, but among them were "By Cool Siloam's Shady Rill," "My Faith Looks up to Thee," and "From Every Stormy Wind That Blows." We tried "Antioch" and "Joy to the World, the Lord is Come," but the boys went to pieces on the chorus.

<sup>12</sup> The traders' stores at the lower agency in 1862 are located on a map in Folwell, *Minnesota*, 2: 110. *Ed.*

Now I'm tired out, and it may be you are. I have written all this gossip on the pretty writing desk with mother-of-pearl decorations which mother gave to Ellen.<sup>13</sup>

Ever your loving daughter

CASSIE

SACRED HEART, MINNESOTA, Tuesday, August 20, 1861  
MY DEAR FATHER:

Our drive to the upper agency put over to today had to be again postponed, because word came to the major that chiefs from both agencies wanted to meet him in council this very day.

After breakfast I asked him to explain to me what was meant by upper and lower Indians and upper and lower agencies. He took more time to tell me than he could afford, and I will try to give the substance. When white men came to trade with the Sioux in the early years of the eighteenth century they found those Indians divided into two great groups. One, the smaller, was living in villages along the Mississippi River from the Falls of St. Anthony to Prairie du Chien, at the mouth of the Wisconsin River.<sup>14</sup> The larger group lived far away on the upper parts of the Minnesota River and lived by slaughtering the countless buffalo on the great plains to the west. These were the upper Sioux.

<sup>13</sup> We have here the best clue to the identity of the unknown writer of these letters. That writing desk is still in the possession of Mrs. Ellen Brown Allanson and it was given to her in Washington by Colonel Charles E. Mix, for many years chief clerk of the Indian bureau and at times acting commissioner of Indian affairs. When members of the Brown family were driven from their house at daylight on August 18, 1862, Miss Brown snatched up the little desk and held on to it during their six weeks' captivity in the Indian camp. We may pretty safely conjecture that "Cassie" was none other than Miss Catherine Mix of Washington, D. C. It is now known that a sister of this young lady had been married to the Honorable George L. Otis of St. Paul. Notice an allusion to this in the first letter. *W. W. F.*

Mrs. Allanson died at Wheaton on December 12, 1928. The desk is now owned by her daughter, Miss M. Ethel Allanson of Wheaton. *Ed.*

<sup>14</sup> Miss Cassie was misinformed here. The most southerly of these villages was where Winona was afterward built and there were two or three villages on the Minnesota River, one at Shakopee. *W. W. F.*





CASSIE AND MONNIE MIX AND ELLEN BROWN

[From a copy, in the possession of Mr. George G. Allanson of Wheaton, of a daguerreotype made at Washington, D. C., about 1860.]



MRS. JOSEPH R. BROWN  
[From a tintype in the possession of Mr. Allanson.]

In 1851 the United States bought the Indian right to some twenty million acres in central and southern Minnesota for two cents an acre and granted the Sioux a reservation twenty miles wide with the Minnesota River running through the middle of it. After a delay of two years the lower Sioux were removed by the government up to the southern end of the reservation and an agency for them was established on the west bank of the river some twelve miles above Fort Ridgely, which had in the meantime been located. The upper Sioux had only to move some of their villages from outside the reservation on to it. An agency was established for them at the junction of the Yellow Medicine River with the Minnesota — also on the west side. The one agent for the two agencies lived in a commodious dwelling at Yellow Medicine. The Browns moved from it to their new home.

It was late in the forenoon when the lower chiefs, six or eight in number, made their appearance, all in white man's clothing. About the same number soon after came down from the upper villages in Indian dress. Major Brown had had some benches and boards put out in the shade of a clump of poplars in front and to the right of the house. Without any formal greetings they "went into council" as the saying is, and except for a time while they ate a luncheon of pork and beans and white bread the palaver went on till late in the afternoon. There was no oratory that I could see from the piazza, but much earnestness in the talk. Of course I could not have understood a word of it. After the council was over Sam told me all about it. The major understands Dakota fairly well, but to make sure of full understanding he had his son with him to interpret in hard places. The principal chiefs of the lower bands, Sam told me, were Wabasha, Wakute, and Big Eagle; Little Crow was not with them. From the upper bands came Standing Buffalo, Scarlet Plume, Red Iron, and Akeepa. The two delegations had a common complaint about which they wanted Major Brown's counsel. As I understood from Samuel J. B. it was this: the original reservation for the Sioux was twenty miles wide. For reasons you can guess at as well as I can all the Indian villages were on the west side of the river — the Minnesota River.

The Indians merely hunted on the east side or some of them went over to meet whisky sellers on the boundary line. Those "bad birds," as the Indians call them, are very careful not to break the law forbidding, under heavy penalties, the introduction of liquor into the Indian country. After five years' occupation of the whole reservation the discovery was made for them, rather than by them, that the Indians had more land by half than they needed — and that was true if Indians were to turn farmers. Major Brown, who was doing all he could to get them on to farms, favored the idea of reducing — a very common expression — reducing the reservation. In one of his reports to the Indian bureau he advocated that policy. He said the land the Indians would give up was well worth five dollars an acre, but that it would not be worth while to expect any such value, because the land grabbers would combine and hold down the price at sales. He proposed that the Indians should be assured of a dollar an acre and that the proceeds should be funded to put the Indians beyond future want.

In the summer of 1858 Major Brown took delegations from the Sioux tribes to Washington and there a treaty was negotiated by which they agreed to give up all their lands on the left bank of the Minnesota and accept such a price as the Senate of the United States should fix upon. The Senate ratified the treaties the next winter, and in 1860 decided that thirty cents an acre would be a right price. The Senate could not vote any money and the matter went on till this last spring, when Congress voted less than \$270,000 for nearly 900,000 acres of land. The Indians got mad just like white folks when this news came. But that was nothing to the storm of rage which is blowing now. When the treaties were made it was agreed that any just debts due to traders should be paid out of the money for the land. As the Indians were expecting a million dollars, they willingly gave their consent. Now word comes from Washington that traders' claims have been allowed to such an amount that the lower Sioux have not a dollar coming to them and the upper Sioux only some beggarly sum. They're just frantic about it. Nothing else was talked about in the outdoor council except that some fault was found with the

Great Father's sending the Sioux an agent who knew nothing about Indians and would never learn.<sup>15</sup>

One of the younger chiefs started in to say that they would have to fight to get justice. Major Brown gave the Indian sign meaning to stop, or leave off, or shut up, and said, "Good friends, I know you have been deeply wronged and I know, and so do you all know, that it is useless for you to threaten any violence. The Great Father means right, but he has advisers and officers who misinform him and act contrary to his orders. Be patient with him and he will do you justice. I will do all in my power to have the truth made known to him. I am out of office but I believe I have some influence left."<sup>16</sup>

I was not watching the council from the verandah all the time. A few women had come along with the lower chiefs and were asked to come up onto the lower verandah. Two good-looking young squaws were in native dress — a calico jacket and a scanty tube of a skirt of blue cloth. This skirt was cut long, so that it could be pulled up to the armpits and turned down over a waist belt. Thus the skirt could be long or short, as the wearer pleased. I could not help wishing that Mrs. Grundy would let me wear such a comfortable garment instead of these abominable hoop skirts. They all wore deerskin moccasins. I noticed that one of the women had brought with her a really pretty boy of three or four, nearer white than red in complexion. She had dressed him for the occasion in a blue hunting shirt, red leggings, and very dainty beaded moccasins. He had a little wooden gun which none of us could get him to let us handle. By noon he was tired enough to go to sleep on a blanket laid on the floor. As nearly as I could understand his name was — will call it Asa with a *Y* before it.<sup>17</sup>

<sup>15</sup> The agent was Thomas J. Galbraith, who was Brown's successor at Yellow Medicine. Folwell, *Minnesota*, 2: 221. *Ed.*

<sup>16</sup> It is a matter of history that the spoliation of the Sioux of half their reservation was one of the radical causes of the outbreak of 1862. *W. W. F.*

<sup>17</sup> It is a safe guess that this child was none other than Ohiyesa, the boy with that Indian name who grew up to be a distinguished physician and author, Dr. Charles Alexander Eastman. The boy's father, John Eastman — Many Lightnings — was then living at the lower agency; the mother, a

*Postscript* — Just as supper was over this evening the mail came from the upper agency and brought the St. Paul *Pioneer* of August ———. It contained the revised list of the killed and wounded Union soldiers in the battle of Bull Run. The major ran down the list naming here and there someone known. At the mention of one Emily rose and went out, and we did not see anything more of her. The major said, "Now I will tell you that I wrote to Governor Ramsey telling him that I would be glad to accept any commission — the lowest in one of the new regiments. I told him of my seven years' service in the regular army and my knowledge of garrison life and the customs of the service. The governor may not care to appoint one who when editing the *Pioneer* gave him so many hard political knocks, but I want him to know that I stand by the Union cause and am willing to make sacrifices for it." "Oh, you daddy," broke out Amanda, "we know you. If the governor gave you a lieutenant's commission you'd be a captain pretty soon, and if the war should last a colonel and you wouldn't mind being a general."<sup>16</sup>

SACRED HEART, MINNESOTA, August 21, 1861

DEAR FATHER:

As soon as breakfast was over a wagon load of men and boys started out on a hunt, which had been much talked about. We girls followed in the light wagon and overtook the hunters two miles back on the prairie strung along a big field of stubble with their dogs. Of course, I know little about hunting, but of this kind I had no idea. The hunters sent their dogs, which had been trained, a few rods ahead of them out into the field. These would presently start the prairie chickens up from the stubble. The poor birds made a short low flight for a short distance straight ahead. The hunters took them on the wing with their shot guns and almost always brought them down. There was little romance granddaughter of Cloudman of Lake Harriet and of an army officer, had died soon after the boy's birth. *W. W. F.*

<sup>16</sup>At fifty-six Major Brown was too old for service in the field, but there can be no doubt that in some staff position he would have been of great service in the Union cause and distinguished himself. *W. W. F.*

in that kind of killing for me and I was glad when the rest were ready to go home.

It's about time I should tell you about this big house of the Browns. I wrote the other day about the company entrance being on a level with the second storey of the house. You enter there a very wide hall with large rooms on each side. The third storey is divided in the same way. I share a sitting room with Ellen with our bedrooms back of it. There is a lighted attic overhead, not furnished, but a billiard table and Major Brown's desk are up there. The first floor is taken up with the dining room and kitchen and storerooms. The outside walls are built of a reddish granite quarried out of the bluff near by, and they are so thick that the window seats are wide enough to sit in. There are wide piazzas — or are they balconies? — on all three storeys running the whole length of the house. Men are digging out a big place on the front lawn for a fountain. The water is to come from a pond in the bluff and the same pipe will have a branch to supply the house. All the rooms — there must be twenty of them — are well furnished, but the parlor is gorgeous with its sofa and chairs upholstered in black mohair, heavy damask curtains hanging from brass cornices, and heavy bronze chandeliers with crystal pendants. All the fine furniture was bought in New York. There are two pianos, one in the parlor, the other in Mrs. Brown's sitting room. The major had thought of giving a name to his estate, but no suitable one had occurred to him. Meanwhile Carter Drew, the Scotch surveyor who laid out Henderson, suggests "Farther-and-Gay Castle." The pun was appreciated in the household and has been spread by guests and acquaintances.<sup>19</sup>

I have written so far as if "you all" know all the members of the Brown family. The major and Ellen and Amanda we know of course personally, as they have been our guests. Others you know only by name, through them. One daughter, the oldest, Lydia, has been married to a Mr. Charles Blair; one son Angus, the oldest, has also married. I expect to see them tomorrow. Amanda's twin

<sup>19</sup> The pun on Fotheringay Castle, where Mary Queen of Scots passed her last days, is obvious. *W. W. F.*

sister Emily is here and is a very fine girl, but has not seen so much of the world as her sister. Her complexion is fair, Amanda's as you know is dark. I have already mentioned Samuel J. He is only sixteen, but is no longer a boy. He has been for two years at the boys' Episcopal school at Faribault and has thought seriously of being a minister. He is tall, straight, and muscular; has color enough to pass for an Indian; and has the steadiness of gaze and the gravity Cooper attributes to his Indians. Joseph junior, "Joe," about twelve, has the smile and laugh of his father and is everlastingly teasing the girls. Little Sibley, about four, is a lovable child and the pet of the whole household.<sup>20</sup>

The mechanics and laborers who built this big house have all gone but two or three.<sup>21</sup> They had sleeping quarters in a barn built beforehand. Charles Fadden, the gardener and coachman, and Landmann, a German helper, sleep in the barn. The overseer has a little house up the road. I see little of the two maids, but a good deal of an old Indian woman who served the family so well for years that they do not like to get rid of her. She saunters about with a broom and dustpan, chanting softly to herself now and then a little song which Ellen translated for me:

My little red birdboy  
Chippeway carry him 'way  
Never come back to me.

It appears that the Chippewa had killed her husband and taken her child captive.

They call the woman "Curley," but her Dakota name is Chandesota. Isn't that musical? Major Brown told me one of her early performances; she was helping to bake the buckwheat cakes, dropped the knife in the batter and wiped it off on her moccasin.

*Postscript:* I did not write you about Mrs. Brown this morning

<sup>20</sup> A list of the Brown children, with the place and date of birth, is in a family Bible belonging to Miss Allanson. A copy made by Dr. Folwell is in the Folwell Papers. *Ed.*

<sup>21</sup> An excellent account of the building of the house is included in a letter written by Mr. Allanson and published in the *Traverse County Star* of Wheaton for April 12, 1923. *Ed.*



and it is just as well I didn't, for I have had a long talk with her and will try to give you the substance. When I showed some curiosity about her nationality, she said she was a much mixed-blood—I should say she was. Her father was Narcisse Frenier, a French-Canadian. Her mother was Winona Crawford, daughter of a colonel in the British army—a bird of passage—and a half-breed Sioux and Scotch woman. Frenier deserted his wife and returned to Canada. Mrs. Brown has no recollection of seeing him. The abandoned widow married Akipa, a full-blood upper Sioux, and he was very good to his stepchild. He gave her a Dakota name. It was Wakinyasheea—that means “down of a bird.” Her relationship with her step-father brought her much into Indian companionship so that she not only understood the Dakota but spoke it fluently. By a little maneuvering I brought Mrs. B. around to her acquaintance with Mr. B. “Oh, that’s my romance,” she said. “I don’t mind telling you.” When she was a girl of twenty her folks were camped near the big trading post of the American Fur Company on Lake Traverse. Mr. Brown had charge of it. Mr. Sibley came up there to inspect it, and while he was there one morning a group of traders, including Mr. Joseph Renville, decided to find out who was the best shot with the rifle at long range. Renville, when his turn came, leveled his gun and fired. At the moment a girl ran across the line of fire. The bullet hit and passed through the fleshy part of her hip. She felt the sting, she said, and fell down, but she did not faint. She was picked up and carried into the post, and Renville went off on the best pony available to bring Dr. Williamson from Lac qui Parle, where he had lately begun his mission. He was a physician before he became a missionary.<sup>22</sup> The half-breed housekeeper took good care of the patient. The girl was healthy and the wound was a simple one and was soon healed. To please her Indian parents the doctor used or pretended to use a medicinal root called white

<sup>22</sup> This incident is related by Henry H. Sibley in his “Unfinished Autobiography,” *ante*, 8: 360. He puts the age of the girl at the time of the accident at sixteen. For a note on Mrs. Brown’s parentage see Samuel J. Brown, “Biographic Sketch of Chief Gabriel Renville,” in *Minnesota Historical Collections*, 10: 614. *Ed.*

medicine. Mr. Brown naturally made inquiry about the girl's progress, saw and spoke with her, and found something in her to interest him, although he was much her senior in years. To cut the story short, Dr. Williamson was sent for a second time to wed a pair of lovers.

I must make as short as I can Mrs. B's rather long but interesting story of their married life. For a few years they lived at the Lake Traverse trading post. In 1838 they moved to Gray Cloud Island in the Mississippi River, a little way below St. Paul, where the major opened a large farm. Ellen was born there. Then they moved to the Coteau des Prairies—I don't know where that is—Sam was born there. They then lived for a few years on the St. Croix River, where Mr. Brown laid out a town.<sup>23</sup> The twins, Amanda and Emily, were born there.

In 1853 and 1854 the family lived in St. Paul, while Mr. Brown edited the *St. Paul Pioneer*. The next year they moved to Henderson, the major's town site. There they lived for two years until 1857, when the appointment as Sioux Indian agent came. Mrs. Brown had much to say about her husband's work in civilizing the Sioux, how he had got hundreds of the men to have their hair cut, to live in houses, wear white man's clothes, and live in peace and quiet. "Now," she said, "that's all over and I hope and pray that we will never have to move again. That is what we both hope, and Mr. Brown has built this house to be our home for the rest of our lives. He chose to build here for two reasons. I never liked the city, and he has had all he wants of city life. The other reason is that because of my Indian blood and that of my children we became entitled to many shares of Sioux half-breed scrip, which gave us the right to take up several hundred acres of land. (I won't venture to tell what I don't know about Sioux half-breed scrip.) My husband has selected the land here in this finest

<sup>23</sup> The town was named "Dakotah" on the map. It is now well-known that the adventurous Brown had a dream of its becoming the capital of a new territory in which it would be central. He got it made a county seat and a judge of the United States district court came round by Prairie du Chien to hold court. He found the jail empty and no cases on the docket. The town became later an addition to the city of Stillwater. *W. W. F.*

part of the Minnesota Valley and we expect to have our sons and sons-in-law settle right around us and all be well off." I said something to her to the effect that Major Brown must be pretty well off now to spend so much money on this big house and the furniture for it. Her reply was that Mr. Brown made money easily and had made and lost what most men would call a fortune many times over. The house was too big and the furniture too costly, and it would take time for her to get used to it. Some days she felt like having a teepee put up somewhere near and going back to the simple ways of her Indian folks. But she went on to say that Mr. Brown don't gamble away his money as some of the old traders have done, and he has not a single costly habit. "There is nothing he won't do for the children and me," she explained. He has spent a good deal of money on his steam wagon and wants to spend more on a better one he has planned. He will not go back into politics, but is likely to give a good deal of time and effort to pushing along the civilization of the Sioux since he has made such a good beginning. Mrs. Brown's picture shows her as she is — middle-aged and middle-sized, black-eyed and black-haired — but it don't show the glint of her smile nor the frown which appears when things do not suit. She still commands in household affairs, but is content to let the girls, especially Ellen, entertain company and do the trading.

ST. PAUL, August 25, 1861

MY DEAR FOLKS:

I expected to write from Farther-and-Gay Castle about the greatest day of all, last Thursday. The morning after the Browns were going to take me to see the upper agency, when word came that the major had learned that he must start right off for Henderson and would need the team. I had wit enough to say to myself — I have had a most delightful visit here and they, especially Ellen and Amanda, would like to keep me longer, but I will quit while the play is good and go down with Major Brown and save all the trouble of an extra trip to get me back. So I said my goodbye and drove off with the major. The trip back to St. Paul added no new

adventures and here I am ready to rest for a week after all the excitement and fatigue of travel.

But I will try to tell what I can about the housewarming on Thursday last at Farther-and-Gay. All the forenoon all hands were as busy as bees getting ready for the big dinner. The time was set for half past one, but the guests began arriving soon after noon. An hour and more's delay gave me time to meet the few I already knew and to be introduced to others. The commandant came from the fort. The Reverend Mr. Samuel D. Hinman, Miss West, Mr. Prescott, and Mr. Lynd were there from the lower agency; also Mr. Robert and Mr. Forbes, the traders. From the upper agency arrived Agent [Thomas J.] Galbraith, quite distinguished in appearance, as was Mrs. G. Mr. Garvin, the principal trader, came with them, and Dr. Wakefield, the agency physician, and his wife. Dr. and Mrs. [Stephen R.] Riggs had been invited, but had gone East. Their two handsome daughters, Isabella and Martha, came along with two members of the Williamson family, Mr. Andrew Williamson and Miss Jane Williamson, Dr. Williamson's sister and associate in the mission. I was struck with her composed and dignified but still rather charming manner. I am sorry that we were interrupted when she had gone a little ways into a story of her school. Dr. Wakefield told me that she had been very successful and he "guessed" that her school keeping would civilize more Indians than the doctor's preaching. Through her children she had got many Indian families to eat from a table with knives and forks and from plates instead of sitting around a pot and dipping out their food with fingers and wooden spoons. From hearing the Williamson youngsters call her so, her children and the whole settlement had got to calling her "Aunt Jane." The Indians call her "Dowan Dootawin" which means "Red Song Woman." I did not get far in a conversation with a tall and good-looking young fellow, Charles Crawford, a half-brother of Mrs. Brown.<sup>24</sup> He seemed to understand my English but did not speak it easily. One of the most distinguished-looking per-

<sup>24</sup> Charles Crawford was the son of Winona Crawford and Akipa Brown, in *Minnesota Historical Collections*, 10: 615. Ed.

sons in the whole company was Mr. Gabriel Renville, who has a large farm up river. He is the son of the Joseph Renville I mentioned, is very influential with the Indians, and is respected by white people. He brought with him his daughter Evangeline, dark-complexioned, but a beauty for all that. Ellen introduced her as her cousin and told me on the sly that one of the missionaries had told her that "Evangeline had less religion and more sense than all the other Renville girls put together."

The big dinner was at length ready. The main table, wide as well as long, was set in the dining room on the first floor. Mr. and Mrs. Brown sat at the head of the big table with the other guests along the sides. Mrs. Brown wore her red and black bayadere silk with a frilly lace collar and a cameo pin. Two smaller tables were on the verandah. Just as when we were little, the whole feast was spread on the tables, but there were napkins for all, which we didn't have. Mr. Hinman said his short Episcopal grace and the carving and passing began. There were boiled hams and roasts of mutton, — no venison of course at this time of year, — all kinds of vegetables you can think of, and cucumber pickles. But the things which were new to me and which I liked very much were these: young prairie chickens — the ones brought in from the hunt Wednesday, stuffed and sewed up in thin cloth jackets, — better than any chicken you ever ate, — wild rice, dark brown in color but tasting like the kind they raise down South, and with a plum jelly made from native wild plums.

Ellen had arranged for me to have a place with her at one of the verandah tables and put me next to Mr. Lynd, whom I met on Sunday at the lower agency. What a surprise! What should I find out in this wilderness but an educated, cultured gentleman who had seen the world. I tried to talk a little literature, but soon found that he had forgotten more than I ever knew. He asked me if I knew Shelley's "Skylark." I had to confess that I did not, but I didn't tell him that I wasn't sure whether Shelley was an English or an American poet. He drew a little piece of paper from a vest pocket and began to read it, something interesting. He said I might have the copy. What has become of it I don't know but I learned the first stanza.

Bird of the wilderness,  
Blithesome and cumberless,  
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!  
Emblem of happiness,  
Blest is thy dwelling-place—  
Oh, to abide in the desert with thee!<sup>25</sup>

A part of the dessert was a very delicious punkin [*sic!*] pie. As I was enjoying it my dear young Joe came along and said, "You don't know what you are eating—that's just squash and its better than punkin. I'll bet you don't know how to spell punkin." "Yes, I do," I said, "punk——." "No you don't. I'll show you how to spell punkin. P double 'unkin, P double I, P double unkin, punkin pie." It was late when the dinner and the speeches were over. Mr. Galbraith spoke and Mr. Hinman and Mr. Renville. Major Brown thanked the company for their assistance at the housewarming. He and Mrs. Brown had at length settled down for good and meant to be good neighbors. His was the only one I heard.

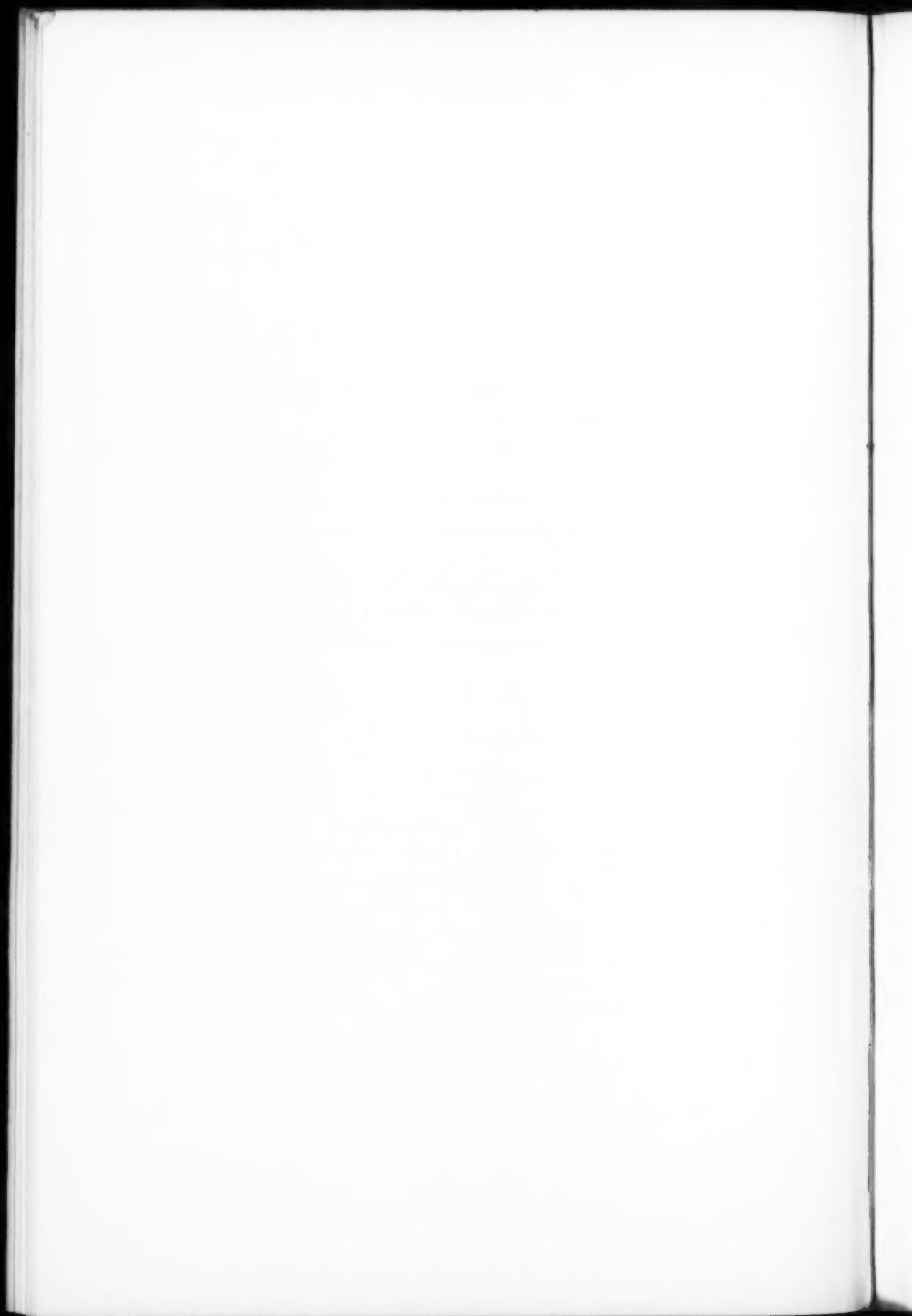
The sound of music brought most of the company up to the parlor. It was Amanda with her fine contralto voice, playing her own piano accompaniment. She gave us "Way Down upon the Swanee River," "Oh, Don't You Remember Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt," "Annie Laurie," and "The Gipsy's Warning." I played the accompaniment for a quartet of Emily and Augusta, Sam and Angus. They sang beautifully "There's Music in the Air," "Larboard Watch, Ahoy," "Flow Gently, Sweet Afton," and one or two more.

About sunset some guests began to leave, among them the Presbyterian girls from Hazlewood. Then Charles Fadden appeared with his violin and one of us went to the piano. There was plenty of room in the wide main hall for a cotillion and of course for others in the rooms opening off it. With Ellen calling off we did some of the old quadrilles in good style, but I was surprised that the dances went off about as well as they would on Judiciary Square. Then came the Virginia reel, in which the major and Mrs.

<sup>25</sup> Lynd's taste in poetry cannot be questioned, but he made a mistake in calling Shelley the author of this poem. James Hogg, the Ettrick shepherd, wrote it. *W. W. F.*

Brown took their parts, and money musk, and Ole Dan Tucker. There were not enough young people left to do round dances. With Mr. Lynd for a partner, we showed off a little, while Augusta played two of her own compositions, "The Wahpeton Waltz" and the "Sisseton Schottische," into which she had woven melodies from Dakota love songs.<sup>28</sup>

<sup>28</sup> A final sheet is evidently missing here, but we assume that the guests took leave and that after the joyous day a peaceful night fell on Farther-and-Gay Castle. The reader will be interested, though not pleased, to know that the Browns had but a brief enjoyment of their splendid house — only one year almost to a day. At daybreak of August 18, 1862, — the morning of the Sioux Outbreak, — the whole family had to flee for their lives, leaving everything behind. Major Brown was in New York looking after his improved steam automobile, as we would now call it. For six weeks his wife and children were in captivity in Little Crow's camp. Years passed before the family was reunited. Prescott and Lynd were killed at the lower agency in the first moment of the outbreak. Hinman and Miss West escaped to Fort Ridgely. Peter Quinn was shot at the battle of Redwood ferry. The wife and children of Agent Galbraith, the Williamson and Riggs families, and many others were saved by Christian Indians, John Other Day best-known of them. The overgrown ruins of Farther-and-Gay Castle still stand. *W. W. F.*





## SOD HOUSES AND PRAIRIE SCHOONERS

### INTRODUCTION

This article is made up of two sections taken from an unpublished volume of reminiscences entitled "The Prairie Schooner Passes," by Mr. William A. Marin of Minneapolis. As a boy in 1879 he journeyed with his parents from Michigan to the Red River Valley. His father had been the owner of a hotel in a lumbering town of southern Michigan. The destruction of this hotel by fire was the cause of the family migration to western Minnesota. Mr. Marin describes his father as a "happy-go-lucky Irish American" who was brought up on a backwoods farm in southeastern Michigan; worked at intervals in the woods, on the log drives, and as a Great Lakes sailor; was strong and hardy; "loved a joke, a good story, a song, congenial society, and, though never a heavy drinker, liked the good times and the association which the saloon, the only real place of social contact in pioneer days, afforded to one of his genial and social nature." Mr. Marin's mother, who is still living at Crookston, is of New England and Scotch descent. She enjoyed a high school education and taught school before her marriage. She is described as a woman of sound judgment and practical good sense, a careful planner, a Puritan, reserved with strangers, loyal to friends, frugal and ambitious. The career of these two individuals and the setting of their home life in the Red River Valley form the subject matter of Mr. Marin's extraordinarily vivid account, which it is to be hoped will ultimately appear in full in book form. The material assembled for the present article opens with the late summer of 1880, about a year and a half after the Marins had arrived at Crookston; the scene is a pioneer farm near that town.

During the first seven years spent by the Marins in the Red River Valley they moved ten times. The second part of the subjoined narrative, describing the passing of the prairie schooners, has its setting in a sixteen-by-sixteen shanty occupied by the family in 1882. The elder Marin was then a salesman for a harvest machine company and spent most of his time in Crookston, seldom visiting the shanty on the prairie, where his son watched the panorama of the fleets of wheeled schooners passing on the trail that led toward the western rim. *Ed.*

#### LIFE IN A PRAIRIE SOD HOUSE

We were living on a claim in Fairfax Township about ten miles southeast of Crookston in 1880, when a neighbor, Ole Anderson, whose farm was a mile east of us, became disgusted with the country and decided to go back to Fillmore County. My father bought his homestead rights and all his cattle — a herd of about thirty head — and relinquished the rights of his own filing to his brother, Uncle Sam, who with a numerous family was coming from Michigan; so we moved late that fall to our new location. Ole Anderson fixed up his old wagon into a prairie schooner, in which he placed his few household goods and his family and took the back trek to Fillmore County. Thus we were established in a typical frontier homestead, and it proved to be a comparatively permanent residence as we lived there two winters and one summer.

The original Anderson house was a one-story, two-room, frame shack, with a gable roof of the lowest pitch possible. The sides were sodded up to the eaves. Heavy sod from the prairie breaking was one of the principal building materials of the time. The sod was cut about a foot wide, a foot and a half to two feet long, and three or four inches thick. It was laid like brick or stone usually on the outside of a frame shack, with openings for doors and windows, though some of the

houses of the poorer settlers were made entirely of sod. A well-built sod shanty or stable is a black, fortress-like bit of architecture. The veneering usually consisted of one layer of sod, but the walls of some of the sod barns were three and four feet thick. Rain, sun, and wind combined with growing weeds, burrowing field mice, and rotting grass to reduce the sod buildings to a pile of dirt in a few years. Houses veneered with sod were warm in winter. Father built a story-and-a-half addition to the Anderson house, leaving the old part as an ell. He covered the addition with black tar paper, fastening the paper to the outside walls with lath. He then lined the inside with building paper so that we had a warm, comfortable house.

We found that the frost would sometimes gather on our windows half an inch thick so that we could not see out and the light could hardly filter in. During warm periods the frost would melt and run over the floors, and sometimes the freezing and thawing would cause the ice to be several inches thick on the lower parts of the windows. So father put on double windows. This is the first time I remember seeing storm windows in Minnesota. I think it was an original idea with him, but now it is customary throughout the state.

Anderson had started the building of a straw stable, a structure peculiar to the prairies of the Northwest. Such a stable is built of posts that are forked or crotched in the upper end; heavy poles are placed horizontally in the crotches so as to form a framework, and lighter poles are placed across these to hold up the roof. Following the harvest the grain is threshed near this framework and the straw from the carrier is used to supply a heavy cover for it. Frequently a thatch of heavy long prairie grass is placed over the straw to make the roof shed the rain. The drawback to this kind of barn is that it has no windows or ventilation. It is warm, but dark and insanitary for animals, and when the rain gets in through the roof or the drainage is not good, the ground inside becomes a quagmire. In a few years the roof rots so that it is no longer serviceable

and the straw settles, leaving an opening between the roof and the sides. It is necessary either to put more straw over this framework, or, what is better still, to remove the framework and rebuild. For the horses we built a one-story frame stable.

Our home was probably furnished much better than that of the average prairie pioneer. We had an organ, the only one in the neighborhood, and some of the old walnut furniture that we had saved from the hotel fire, including tall walnut beds and dressers and chairs of the U. S. Grant period. Of course there was a whatnot, and we had a rather fine old cherry center table on which reposed a pressed leather family album. Two beds stood side by side at the end of the room that formed the entire downstairs of the main part of the house. These beds were built up almost like small haystacks. First there was a high straw tick. On top of this were a feather tick and innumerable patchwork quilts. In the winter time the house became so cold at night that it was necessary to have plenty of covering. We also had rocking chairs, cane-seated dining-room chairs, and a sofa covered with large figured Brussels. A rag carpet covered the floor and on it were placed at intervals homemade rag rugs. The pictures on the walls were chromos of the style of 1870 that might now be attractive to the amateur curio-seeker who believes that such specimens are valuable antiques. One was a picture of Valley Forge. Enlarged crayon pictures of grandfather, grandmother, father, mother, and other relatives, so commonly seen in the eighties, were conspicuous by their absence in our home. A large wood heater occupied the center of the room, which was neat, clean, and comfortable, and was the center of family life. I cannot remember that we ever had in our home the sacred precincts of a parlor — musty, dank, and severe, closed to everyone but the occasional guest — for we lived each day as best we could using the entire house. We did not live in the kitchen as was usual with most pioneers.

The kitchen was in the old part of the house and also served as the dining room. Another room in this part was used as a shed or storehouse in winter and as a kitchen in summer. In one corner of the main kitchen stood a large iron cook stove at the back of which was a reservoir for heating water and for melting ice and snow. Wooden homemade cupboards stood against the walls, and in the center of the room was a walnut extension dining table covered with marbled white oilcloth when not in use and with a red and white tablecloth or, on occasions, a white one, at meal time. Heavy wooden chairs, painted brown with yellow stripes, were set around the edge of the room. The floor was made of wide, white pine boards, and it was kept scrupulously white and clean in spite of grease splashed from fried pork and dirt brought in by the men of the family on their shoebacks and overshoes. For lighting we used kerosene lamps most of the time, but had candles also. The majority of the farmers made much use of candles, employing kerosene only for lanterns.

Instead of a stairway leading to the upper story, a hatch was cut in the floor and cleats were nailed to the studding for a ladder. Mother, father, and my sisters slept downstairs, and I slept upstairs with Uncle Jim, the hired man, and any other male who might be a guest. As I was inclined to walk in my sleep, my mother, fearful that I might fall through the hatchway, had a cover made for it, and she religiously saw that it was in place every night after I went to bed. The upstairs contained beds, trunks, and miscellaneous clothing and furniture, and it was more like an attic than anything else. It was heated by a drum attached to the stovepipe. In the early eighties a brick chimney was a rarity in Fairfax Township.

Many of the early settlers did not have the pretentious home, comparatively speaking, that we had. A large majority of the newcomers were young married couples with small children, so that a one-room shanty was all they required. A single room

of small dimensions served as kitchen, bedroom, and parlor all in one. All the furniture, with the exception of the stove and a few chairs, was homemade. A pine table, benches, beds, a trunk or two, a couple of chairs, and a wooden cupboard comprised practically all the furniture. Sometimes a good-sized family lived in one of these small one-room shanties. Two beds, foot to foot, stood across one end of the room. Under the beds were stored during the day the bedding for two other beds to be made up on the floor, and in this way six, eight, or ten persons slept in one small room. Sometimes there was a small attic, probably just high enough at the peak so that the average man could stand upright in it. A ladder led to the attic, where the boys and men slept. When I have visited some of the small homes occupied by large families, I have marveled how everyone was accommodated with sleeping quarters. At threshing time the extra men slept in the straw pile, barn, haystacks, or granary.

A single man keeping "bachelor's hall" in a claim shanty enjoyed another variety of "home life," if the manner in which the average bachelor lived could be called living at all. He had a bed or bunk in the corner, with blankets, quilts, and buffalo robes — no sheets, no pillows, or pillow cases. Here he probably slept every night with most of his clothes on, and he seldom made up the bed. His one room was probably ten by twelve feet, the floor being made of rough, wide, and warped pine boards, with large cracks. It was swept only occasionally and it was never scrubbed until it became enameled with a black coating of gumbo mud and spattered pork grease. The one small dirty window let in a dim light, so that it always appeared to be twilight in the shanty except at night, when a small kerosene lamp, lantern, or candle made one vagrant spot of light in the darkness. The cooking was done on a small rusty cook stove, the tin stovepipe of which went directly through the roof. Against the wall was built a small pine table, on which reposed from day to day the owner's tin

dishes, knives, forks, and coffeepot. A few shelves built against the wall for a cupboard and a couple of pine benches completed the equipment. Outside the door were a bench and a tin washdish, with a grimy flour sack for a towel, and near at hand an old kerosene barrel containing water brought from the nearest buffalo wallow. The housekeeping particulars of such an establishment would not be at all edifying.

The prairie farmer should have been proud of the magnificence of his "machine shed," for the roof was the high dome of the blue sky and the floor the size of his farm. The sun lighted it by day and the moon and stars by night. The machinery was washed by rains and dried by the sun; it was protected by the snow banks in winter; and it was always easy of access when needed. Usually the plow, binder, harrow, and seeder were left just where they were last used in the field. Most farmers were thoughtful enough to remove and put in the granary the canvases from the binder. Around the yard was a miscellaneous assortment of farm machinery, — rusted, faded, and dilapidated, — broken parts, hayracks, old wagons, piles of manure, half-used haystacks, logs hauled from the river for firewood, all landscaped in a shrubbery of ragweed, thistles, and sunflowers.

In winter before going to bed at night the men first removed their boots and heavy clothing, and then their footwear, which was left around the stove — a motley and aromatic array of woolen socks, felt boots, German socks, shoe packs, and overshoes. Stripped down to their pants and red flannel underwear they made a dash for the beds upstairs. Unless father kept the fire going all night, which he did in very cold weather, getting up in the morning was a chilly undertaking. Around the stove we crouched, half asleep and shivering, until we had put on all our heavy, cumbersome clothing by the dim light of a kerosene lamp. Each one then took his turn at the tin washdish, which was on a bench near the kitchen door. We hurried out to the barn with our lanterns to feed the horses and cattle

and do the necessary chores. The cold air of thirty degrees below zero hit our lungs with a burning sensation, for it is usually coldest just before dawn. In the winter the men did the milking. After the chores were done we hurried back to the house for breakfast, which mother had been preparing, and sat down to a meal of salt pork, fried potatoes, pancakes with plenty of pork grease, molasses, and tea. There was a great deal of rivalry as to who could eat the most pancakes. I was told by Uncle Jim that they "would stick to my ribs."

The winter of 1880-81 was a very happy one as I remember it, for we enjoyed visits by friends from town, our neighbors, and the cousins from Michigan; and mother's two brothers, Uncle Jim and Uncle Lant, single men who had filed on claims near by, lived with us most of the time. Several times during the winter our friends came out from town bringing with them old Jeff Martin, a fiddler, and had a dancing party at our house. The downstairs was cleared, the carpets were taken up, and two sets were formed for dancing the square dances that were then popular. Old Jeff played the fiddle and called off at the same time. He sang his calls, and one that I remember was this:

Sashay your pardner,  
Bow to the other and sashay back,  
But not with honest Johnny.

Then, "tum te um tum" on the fiddle:

First two gents cross over  
And leave the ladies stand,  
Second two gents cross over  
And take them by the hand.

Again, "tum te um tum" on the fiddle:

Oh, your right hand to your pardner,  
And your left hand to your neighbor,  
Your right hand to the other,  
And promenade all.

Then the fiddle went "tum te um tum, tum te um tum, tum te um tum," and so on until old Jeff came to the next call, when



he started the singing again, beating time on the floor with one foot and rasping out the tune on the old fiddle. But I cannot express in print his inimitable tune, peculiar voice, and expressive rendition of his doggerel rhymes. Mother served a lunch, and the evening was spent most enjoyably; as the local paper would say, "A good time was had by all."

I was permitted to sit up and watch the dancing until the party was over, and sometimes a young lady asked me to dance, which made me feel quite honored and grown up. From watching the dancers I knew the different figures and could go through them as well as the grown-ups. Old Jeff played the popular songs of the day and all joined in singing them. Among the most popular were "Little Brown Jug," "Goodbye, My Lover, Goodbye," "Beautiful Isle of the Sea," "My Brave Laddie Sleeps in His Faded Coat of Blue," "Where is My Wandering Boy Tonight," "Dem Golden Slippers," "A Flower from My Angel Mother's Grave," "Silver Threads among the Gold," and a number of other popular lugubrious ballads. It was the vogue to compose verses to "Goodbye, My Lover, Goodbye." I remember a few of these original compositions. One was:

I saw the train go round the bend,  
Goodbye, my lover, goodbye.  
It was loaded down with railroad men,  
Goodbye, my lover, goodbye.  
Bye baby, bye O,  
Bye baby, bye O.

Another was:

I saw three crows sit on a limb,  
Goodbye, my lover, goodbye.  
And one fell off and sang a hymn,  
Goodbye, my lover, goodbye.

And worse still:

I saw a crow sit on a peg,  
Goodbye, my lover, goodbye.  
But he fell off and broke a leg  
Goodbye, my lover, goodbye.

There were other verses also about crows, as they were very plentiful on the prairies and aesthetic subjects seemed to be rather limited. So the crow took the popular fancy.

There was a favorite schottische that the dancers sang:

There's a corn on,  
There's a corn on,  
There's a corn on my toe;  
Don't you step on,  
Don't you step on,  
Don't you step on my toe;  
There's a corn on my toe,  
There's a corn on my toe,  
Don't you step on my toe.

And a polka:

Right foot, left foot,  
Any foot at all,  
Jennie lost her petticoat  
Dancing in the hall.

This is not very subtle humor, we must admit, not "high-brow" and aesthetic, but it bears a strong similarity to some of the recent popular effusions of the "Tin Pan Alley" variety; and human nature was about the same on the prairie as it is today in the city. A woeful ballad that we sang was entitled "Ten o'Clock the Rain Begins to Fall and Nellie is Far from Home." How times have changed! What would the pioneers think of Nellie now? She would not even start from home as early as ten o'clock and nothing but a cyclone or a blizzard could stop her! I presume that Nellie of the present travels more miles in one evening than Nellie of 1880 traveled in all her life.

Obtaining fuel was a problem for the prairie farmer. Many of the farmers stole their wood from the timber along the river. Father owned forty acres of timber land, and in order to save the wood from being stolen he spent a good share of the winter cutting it, hauling it to the farm or to town, or selling it to those neighbors who preferred buying to taking something that did not belong to them. But it was not considered a very serious offense to filch wood from the timber. Even

the owners seemed to take but little interest in the matter. About fifteen miles east of our farm the timber country, where timber and prairie were combined, began, and as it had not yet been surveyed and opened for settlement it was available to nearby settlers. Several times father took me to the woods, where he had built a hut of logs with brush and straw for a roof. The chinks between the logs were not filled in, so it was as cold inside as outside. There was no floor. In the center was a big heating stove, which father kept filled with green wood. The beds were made on the floor of brush and straw and were covered with blankets and buffalo robes. At night we went to sleep wearing all our clothes and footwear and with our caps on our heads. I dearly loved these adventurous trips to the woods, even though I had to eat father's biscuits.

Securing water for the horses and stock and for family use was another difficulty that we had to meet. Water could not be obtained by digging an ordinary well. For a few weeks during the spring there would be surface water in the well, with a bitter alkali taste, but it would soon dry up. Our water supply came from the buffalo wallows and the nearest one was about half a mile away. The horses and cattle were driven there to drink, but the supply for the family had to be hauled in barrels. We kept an extra quantity on hand in case of a blizzard. This water was stagnant and not fit for drinking purposes, so mother boiled it and made tea, which she let cool. Our usual drink was cold tea, of which we always had an ample supply. I think that this sanitary precaution, which she did not take from any scientific knowledge but because the water was itself so unpalatable, saved us from having typhoid fever, then prevalent among our neighbors. For drinking purposes we also melted ice, which we hauled from the Red Lake River in huge blocks nearly three feet thick. A disagreeable side of the water problem that fell to my share in winter was cutting the ice out of the barrels. A coating of ice would form on the inside of the barrels, until after a while they held little water and became too

heavy to handle. They were then taken into the shed, and it was my duty to chop out the ice with a hatchet. When no one else was available I went along to the buffalo wallow with father or the hired man and stood on the wagon step while he dipped the water out of the water hole and handed the pail up to me to empty into the barrel. My mittens got wet and my hands freezing cold. The water dripped over my clothing from head to heels and froze until I was a mass of ice. A gunny sack was filled with straw and placed in the hole that we had chopped in the ice in order to keep it from freezing over.

In dry summer seasons the buffalo wallows dried up. Then we got our water from the well of a neighbor who had dug deep down into the blue clay. But the water had a bluish color, a fearful smell, and a worse taste. We let it stand several days before we could drink it. Some years during the threshing season, water for the threshing engine had to be hauled from the river five miles away.

It was my job to bring the wood from the yard into the house, and, as we burned a considerable quantity, this kept me fairly busy during the day. Often I stood at one end of the crosscut saw and helped saw the logs. Some of the cottonwood logs were very large. The best wood was oak, but we also used basswood, "popple," and elm. During a good share of the winter father and my two uncles were down on the timber lot, and the chores around the farm were done by the hired man and myself.

By the time the second winter on the prairie arrived we were aware of the fact that we were living in a very severe climate and that the heaviest and warmest clothing was necessary for our comfort, especially for men working out of doors, driving teams and hauling wood, grain, ice, and logs. Our clothing included at least one suit of red flannel underwear, — sometimes two, — a flannel shirt, a heavy coat, a vest, two pairs of pants, either a fur cap or one of heavy fur-lined cloth, a muffler, and a buffalo coat. Two or three pairs of

mittens with leather ones on the outside were absolutely necessary. Even with all this clothing it was impossible to keep warm when sitting on top of a load with a slow-moving team. The driver had to get off the load frequently, walking and slapping his arms around under his shoulder blades to keep himself warm. It took us several years to solve the problem of proper footwear. The first winter we had woolen socks and shoepacks. The socks did not come up to the knees and the shoepacks, which were made of cowhide without soles, became so slippery that it was almost impossible to walk without taking a tumble. The shoepacks were soon discarded for heavy overshoes and the woolen socks for felt boots, made of a brown and gray mixture a quarter of an inch or more thick and shaped like a sock. They were very cumbersome and clumsy to walk in, would wrinkle, crack, break, and wear out at the ankle; and so in a few years they also were discarded as impracticable. They were succeeded by German socks reaching up to just below the knees and fastened at the top with a small belt and buckle. In later years the footwear that was found most serviceable was a heavy rubber shoepack with a rubber corrugated sole and a leather top, laced, reaching to the knees, and large enough to permit the wearing of several pairs of socks.

The early settlers were ignorant of the best farming methods suitable for the Red River Valley and had to learn through dear experience. Many mistakes were made. Fortunately the soil was fertile and had not become foul with foreign seeds or worn out by constant cropping without proper rotation. During the first years we raised our potatoes in a primitive way. When we did our breaking in early summer, the seed was dropped into the furrow. A second round of the plow covered the seed. There was no subsequent cultivation during the summer. When the breaking was backset in the fall, the crop was turned and picked. We did this during the first few years in the region until our farms were under cultivation.

During this period we produced immense crops of wheat. There were very few cattle, almost no hogs, and sheep were a rarity. No horses were raised at first, so horses were shipped in principally from Iowa, a good team costing from four to six hundred dollars. The southern horses were not acclimated and died off by the hundreds; thus the settlers literally paid for dead horses. We had a binder that used wire instead of twine, which cost three hundred dollars and was not a very efficient piece of machinery. It took at least five horses to haul one of these cumbersome machines, and at times I have seen seven or eight used, depending upon the stand of the grain. My job during harvest was to ride the lead horse next to the grain. I ended a day on a horse with a grain sack for a saddle galled, weary, and about "all in."

School opened in the spring of 1881 in Hans Clausen's shanty, about two and a half miles away from our home. Hans was a bachelor who was working for the summer on one of the bonanza farms. One of my sisters and myself were supposed to attend, but we went only off and on. There were no bridges over the creeks, the distance was great, the weather was frequently bad, and we had to pass through tall wet grass; thus we could not attend regularly. I do not think I lost much. The teachers in the country schools were those who could obtain only a third-grade certificate, which was given to almost anyone for the asking. They could teach beginners the alphabet and the first, second, and third readers; have pupils copy from the copy books; and teach spelling; but these things were about their limit. Arithmetic went as far as long division, and it was some time before any attempt was made to teach grammar. Nearly all my education during my prairie life was obtained from the school books themselves and from what mother and my older sister taught me. Early in our lives mother bought us story books, such as *Mother Goose*, *Chatterbox*, and *St. Nicholas*, and from these I learned to read at a very early age. I was far ahead of the other pupils of my age, and I think at

times I was impertinent enough to pit my knowledge against that of some of the teachers. The school was a simple affair. Anywhere from five to a dozen pupils attended, and when we had fifteen we thought it remarkable. We had long homemade pine desks and benches during the first years; there were no blackboards and no other equipment except a globe and a chart for the beginners. Eventually father induced the district to build a schoolhouse nearer our farm, and after that we attended more regularly. But the ability of the teachers did not improve to any appreciable degree.

Our amusements were simple: "pullaway," and "drop the handkerchief," and "one old cat" played with a homemade yarn ball and a piece of board for a bat. We played several singing games, such as "Here Come Two Dukes A'Roving," "London Bridge Is Falling Down," "I Come to See Miss Jennie-a Jones," "Charley, he loves cakes and wine, Charley he loves candy, Charley loves to kiss the girls, when they come round so handy." In later years, after the roads were graded and the heavy clay was thrown up in the center, we would throw hard chunks of clay at one another in contests very much like snow-ball battles. These battles, which took place when we divided up into parties to go home from school, were about the most exciting incidents of school life. The school was in session usually for three months in summer, and as a rule only children under ten or twelve years attended, as the older ones worked in the fields. Once or twice we had an early spring term. In fact I attended school so casually that it has left but little impression on my mind.

We had about twenty-five head of cattle, and in the summer the care of them fell to me. Our pasture was small and poorly fenced with pine two-by-fours for posts strung with two wires. It was soon eaten bare and the cattle broke out, so we had to let them run. The result was that it became necessary to herd the cattle—a job that fell to me. As there were very few cultivated fields east of our place, I usually drove the cattle in

this direction so that they would not interfere with any of the neighbors. I had an old white horse named "Sam." Having no saddle, I used a grain sack with a surcingle; as I had no stirrups I could only mount Sam from a wagon or block of wood or some other elevation. When once away from the yard and on the prairie I did not dare to dismount, as there was not a stump, rock, or elevation of any kind to be found there. Ordinarily the cattle ranged near the farm, so it was only necessary to keep them out of the fields and see that they did not stray too far.

The Red River Valley is the bottom of Glacial Lake Agassiz, which extended from Lake Traverse northward on both sides of the Red River for a considerable distance and included the present Lake of the Woods and Lake Winnipeg in Manitoba. This lake drained through the Minnesota River into the Mississippi because the southern end of the glacier melted first. The northern part of the glacier, acting as a dam, prevented the water from flowing north in its natural course. As soon as the glacier disappeared the lake drained to the north through the Nelson River to Hudson Bay. The water, gradually receding, left beaches and ridges of sand and gravel that still can be easily traced. It covered about a hundred and ten thousand square miles, an area somewhat larger than that of the Great Lakes. The country extending about thirty miles on either side of the Red River was the last bed of this lake, and when it was finally drained it left a perfectly level stretch of country with an alluvial deposit of black soil from one to three feet deep—one of the richest soils to be found anywhere in the world.

An old beach or sand ridge about twenty-five to thirty feet higher than the prairie to the west was five miles east of our farm. In the summer on Sundays we frequently took excursions to this ridge, from which we had an extensive view of the valley. We considered this a wonderful trip and a beautiful scene. On the ridge grew buffalo grass, short, wiry, and very



nutritious, of which the cattle were very fond — so fond, indeed, that every time they had the chance they went the entire five miles to the ridge just for the purpose of feeding on this grass. Headed by "Crumpie," a half Jersey and half scrub cow, they started out in single file, making a bee line for the ridge. Then it was my job to get on old Sam to head them off and bring them back. But sometimes they had too long a start and were too fast for poor old Sam. Then father or the hired man took a faster horse or team to go after them.

In the late summer and fall when the grass had become dry, the country was traversed up and down and crisscross, depending upon the direction of the wind, by immense prairie fires that would sweep for miles and miles until stopped by farmers' fields. East of our place extending to the ridge, however, was a stony tract of country where there were no settlers and few fields to stop the sweep of the prairie fires. The fires caused great damage if property was not plowed around for protection. The farm buildings were protected by eight or ten furrows plowed in a large circle around the yard. Inside this circle another circle was plowed and the grass in between was burned. The same plan was followed with reference to haystacks and any other property that needed protection from fires.

It was a remarkable sight, especially at night, to watch a prairie fire coming down the wind like a race horse. In the swales the grass and wild pea vines were from two to four feet high. Very little of this was cut for hay. Since there was no market for hay we cut only a small part of the meadows for our own use. As a result there was a wide expanse of prairie for the fires, and many times we had them on all sides until the entire country was black and bare except for the fields, low wet spots, patches, and strips that had escaped. At night we watched the fires race across the prairies, the flames leaping probably ten to twelve feet high in the swales and roaring like an express train. When we did not get our protection furrows

plowed in time there was a frantic effort to plow in front of the rapidly approaching fire. We plowed the furrows on the side from which the fire was coming, but when it had nearly passed, it came in with an attack on the flanks and on the rear. Then it was not with the wind and did not have its original force. If we had not time to plow the entire circle, we fought the side and rear fires with wet grain sacks, pounding them out as fast as we could. The struggle was hot and exciting until we finally conquered, and it left us with blistered hands, scorched faces, and burned clothes.

One day in the fall, father, mother, and the hired man had gone to town. Playing around the yard I forgot all about the cattle until I discovered that they had disappeared. I knew from experience that they would go straight to the ridge. So I mounted old Sam and started after them. I finally overtook them four or five miles away and started back home just before dark fell over the bleak strip of stony prairie between the ridge and our farm. Shortly after I had started in the direction of home I saw in the distance a prairie fire coming up from the south with the wind. I hurried the cattle as fast as I could, but apparently that was not fast enough. The fire was still a considerable distance away, but was coming down rapidly, a line of flame on a frontage of probably three or four miles, with nothing between to stop it. I had no matches with which to build a back-fire, so my only hope was to get home before the fire could reach my line of travel. The fire was coming nearer and nearer. I was still a mile from home when I saw that my situation was hopeless. Fortunately I came to a small meadow of a few acres where the hay had been cut, leaving a short stubble grass. The fire would not be very heavy when it struck this small, cut-over meadow and my only salvation was in keeping the cattle within this area until the fire swept by. The cattle, because I had been driving them so fast, had become much excited by this time. I decided to halt them in the

meadow. I circled around them several times, until finally I stopped them just as the fire was close upon us. Then the cattle became stupefied and paralyzed with fear and huddled together. The smoke came rolling over us with the flames crackling and roaring. When the fire struck the meadow the blaze was not more than eight or ten inches high and when it came within fifty yards I took the grain sack off of Sam and fought the fire, stamping out a piece sufficiently wide to drive the cattle through, back onto burned ground. I did this successfully and, as I could not mount Sam again, I had to drive the cattle home on foot. It was a scared, weary, and blistered little boy who came home about nine o'clock that night to a frantic mother. Mother and father had arrived home a short time before and father and the hired man were out hunting for me, but not being able to find me had just circled back to the house as I came up with the cattle. Much to my chagrin I was scolded and warned never again to venture onto the prairie alone so far from home when the grass was dry and prairie fires were frequent.

#### THE PASSING OF THE PRAIRIE SCHOONERS

In the summer of 1882 we occupied a shanty about fifty feet from a trail where passed a great many prairie schooners coming from the south and going on to Dakota. The summer previous we saw the schooners from a distance of two miles, but we did not come in close contact with them except occasionally when we crossed the trail going to or from school. Traffic was over the old Pembina trail, which was about ten or twelve miles east of our place. This trail was the route followed by the old Red River carts hauling furs to St. Paul and supplies back to Pembina, a fort on the Canadian boundary in Dakota. The prairie schooners left the main trail southeast of our place, following a slight elevation that ran northwest through our land and that gave them a comparatively dry and solid trail until

they got nearly to Crookston. From there they went west to the Red River, crossing at Grand Forks, and then spread out over the prairies of Dakota Territory.

The emigrants were either too poor to pay railroad transportation for their families, stock, and machinery, or their destinations were points not yet reached by the railroads. In the latter case a certain amount of trekking was necessary and they made the entire journey by schooner. The prairie schooner was a wagon with the ordinary wagon box, on which were fitted arched bows. Canvas was stretched over these bows and the interior was the home of the wayfaring family. It held their furniture, clothes, and food, and furnished their sleeping quarters at night. The women and children rode inside. The settlers camped by the roadside, usually near a grove and stream. The styles of the different outfits varied greatly. Some had new wagons, bright with paint, with fine white canvas covers and sprightly teams of horses. Others had old rickety wagons hauled by scarecrows of horses, mules, or oxen; the bows or arches were made of anything they could get — sticks and barrel hoops tied together, or bent saplings — and were covered with old horse blankets, rag carpets, or patchwork quilts.

We watched the schooners come up from the south, zig-zagging up the tortuous trail like ships beating up against the wind. Slowly they drew nearer — sometimes one, sometimes five or six in a fleet. Out to the road we went to watch them pass, as it was the only event of interest from one day to another. Usually the woman was sitting at the front driving the team, and beside her or peeking out of the front opening were a flock of dirty, tousled, tow-headed children. Often she held a small baby in her arms. Behind followed a small herd of cattle or horses driven by the man and the boys on foot, for the rate of travel was a walk.

Sometimes they stopped to inquire about the road or to chat a few minutes. They told us where they came from,

Fillmore or Goodhue County in Minnesota, or Wisconsin, or Iowa. Most of them were on their way to Larimore, Devil's Lake, Church's Ferry, or some other point far distant from a railroad in Dakota. We were never bothered by the emigrants and so we had absolutely no fear of them. They were one of us and we were one of them — only, we had arrived. No doubt they had the same hopes and dreams as we had and went through the same experiences that we did. I have often wondered about them since, whether they passed on to a promised land that at least in part fulfilled their expectations or whether they met disappointment, discouragement, and failure. Have I run across some of the skippers of those schooners or their crews in after life in my journeyings in North Dakota, none of us realizing that we hailed one another near a little tarpapered shanty on the prairie ten miles southeast of Crookston? I know it would give me a romantic thrill to meet again one who remembers the slim tow-headed boy who stood barefooted and bareheaded gazing wistfully as he waved and shouted his greetings, wishing that he also could follow the Gypsy Trail.

As all the water we had was what was hauled for us from the buffalo wallows at intervals by Uncle Jim, the covered wagon travelers did not camp near us, but journeyed on until they got to the river. The only refreshment we could offer was a little cold tea. Probably they had advance information as to the various watering places and made their day's journey accordingly.

The number of schooners that passed our shanty in the summer of 1882 seemed endless. From ten to fifty would pass day in and day out. The year 1882 marked the beginning of a big migration to Dakota. I remember one outfit of half a dozen wagons with three or four hundred head of cattle and horses. The road that passed our shanty was not a public highway, but there was no good reason why we should refuse any peaceable traveler the right of way. It was not the custom of the pioneer to act the dog in the manger. But the road ran

between our wheat field and Uncle Jim's and it was only a trail about ten feet wide, with the green grain just heading out on both sides. If a large herd of cattle and horses went through, it would do considerable damage. Mother, like Horatius at the bridge, went out and halted the party. Politely she explained the circumstances and asked the settlers to drive their horses and cattle around our field to the south. This they refused to do, but she courageously held her ground and warned them that if they went through she would go to town to swear out a warrant for their arrest and she even told me to get ready to go to Uncle Jim's to borrow his team to drive her to town. The leaders, after consultation, decided to go around our field. The schooners passed through and the horses and cattle were driven around. Mother's courageous stand no doubt made them feel that she meant every word she said and would do just as she threatened, and I think they acted wisely when they did as she wished. That was the only trouble we had with the hundreds of schooners that passed by our door.

When the weather became cold the schooners ceased coming and in 1883 they were much fewer in number. A year or two thereafter they passed only occasionally. We had seen what was probably the last of the great Hegira to Dakota by prairie schooner. Slowly the wagons passed on, the children now peeking from the opening in the rear, the schooner receding into the distance, very much like a real ship plowing its way over a trackless sea and then disappearing below the horizon.

WILLIAM A. MARIN

MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA

## MINNESOTA AS SEEN BY TRAVELERS

### A WESTERN JAUNT IN 1850

How little the author of the following documents realized that a letter to his family in Pennsylvania describing a jaunt in the West would one day be cherished as a noteworthy historical piece! If he had foreseen the future value of the first of the two following letters, he doubtless would have strained for more formality and precision and so have missed the very characteristics that make it most valuable. As it is, its naturalness and its informal statement of fact give one confidence in its veracity. Moreover, the author, though writing merely a chatty letter to relatives, had an eye for significant detail. After reading the letter one can speak with some confidence of what steamboating on the upper Mississippi was in 1850, of the appearance and conditions of life in the important towns between Galena and St. Anthony Falls, and of some phases of life in Iowa, Illinois, and Wisconsin. Truly the double sheet of stationery that carried all this information from Wisconsin to Lewisburg, Pennsylvania, was freighted with vastly more than the ordinary letter bears.

The author, John Chamberlain Laird, had gone west early in 1850 with a half-sister, Catherine, who was joining her husband, Abner Goddard, at New Diggings in the lead district of southwestern Wisconsin. Laird was searching for a place to settle, and in the second letter printed below he continues the story of his migrations, which finally took him and his brothers, Matthew J. and William H., to Winona. There they founded the long famous lumber firm of Laird Brothers.<sup>1</sup>

GRACE LEE NUTE

MINNESOTA HISTORICAL SOCIETY  
ST. PAUL

<sup>1</sup> Additional information about John C. Laird, whose life spanned the period from 1825 to 1902, appears in *Portraits and Biographical Record of*

JOHN C. LAIRD to MATTHEW J. LAIRD  
[Minnesota Historical Society MSS.—A. L. S.]

NEW DIGGINGS, LAFAYETTE CO. WIS. NOV 12<sup>th</sup> 1850

DEAR BROTHER, AND ALL THE REST OF THE FAMILY.

I suppose U are all beginning b4 this [time to think] that I have forgotten you but it is not the case. I looked fo[r] a letter from some of you for a great while, in fact until I was tired and then started off on a tramp and thought probably by the time I got back I would hear from you, and so I did and read it with the greatest of pleasure. But I reckon U would like to no where Ive been and what I've seen. so I'll begin and give U a (sort or kind) of a History of my doings. After leaveing Stephenson I did not do much for a week or two. I tried to get a school for the winter, but the people of this place take so little interest in the matter of Education and the weather being very fine, the children so many of them were engaged in picking mineral that I got discouraged and gave it up, (indeed the people are so prejudiced against the Americans that it is hardly worth while for one to try to do anything) and told Mr. [B. F.] Hilton to try it.<sup>2</sup> he is a minister with a family that has been preaching for the Primitive or English Methodists and more because he was an America[n] than any thing else they read him out of the church although he had still a good many friends. He and his wife have now been teaching 6 or 8 days have 25 schollars.

Well I started on Monday 21st. Oct. with carpet sack in hand

*Winona County, Minnesota, 300* (Chicago, 1895). Much information about the Goddards and the Lairds is to be found in a collection of family papers, including the second letter printed herewith, presented to the Minnesota Historical Society by Mr. Orrin F. Smith of Winona. His connection with these families is explained *post*, n. 3. A note announcing the recent acquisition by the society of the first of Laird's letters appears *post*, p. 190.

<sup>2</sup> Some information on Hilton may be found in *History of La Fayette County, Wisconsin*, 568 (Chicago, 1881). Abner S. Goddard, in a letter to his wife dated February 3, 1850, mentions the large percentage of foreigners in the population at New Diggings, "a mixture of Irish, French English Dutch." The letter is in the Orrin F. Smith and Family Papers, in the possession of the Minnesota Historical Society.



for Galena not noing which way I would steer whether up or down the river, how far I should go or how long I should stay I new not There was but 1 boat at Galena and that was bound for Minesota, so I went aboard of her. (She is called the Nominee. Capt. Smith, master) he is I think a very fine man a stiff old Presbyterian will not run on Sunday and allows no card playing on board.<sup>3</sup> Yesterday the mate commenced loading the barge while he was at church, so this morning he got his walking papers for it. We did not leave Galena till after dark. the boat is very heavily freighted with a heavy barge at the side. Got to Dubuque about 9 oclock got on a sand bar and did not get off until morning.

Oct 22nd. have another barge in tow this morning stopt at a number of places today to discharg[e] and recieve freight to night about 9 oclock run foul of a snag tore the last mentioned barge loose and sunk her. she was freighted with Oats, flour, Pork, Wiskey, dry-goods, and a large thrashing machine she had a hole nocked in the bottom at the stern. by the time they got the boat alongside of her the stern end was under water, and the hands then seemed afraid to board her, however some of them and a number of the passengers went to work and got off part of the freight myself among the rest I was on until she was almost under water clambering about on floating sacks of oats and barreles, trying to save something when I got off there was but one passenger and 3 deck hands on her she went down in a minute or two afterwards loss probably 2000 Dollars. got to Prairie Du Chaine about 12 oclock to night and lay on a sand bar 3 hours Pr. du. Chaine is an older town than St. Louis but is not much of a place, the people

<sup>3</sup> Orrin Smith was long a famous steamboat captain on the upper Mississippi. He was president of the Minnesota Packet Company for many years. It is interesting to note that Laird's sister, Catherine Fruit Goddard, married as her second husband Alexander B. Smith, and that their son was named for their friend, the river captain. The namesake, Mr. Orrin Fruit Smith, still lives in Winona. The "Nominee" was one of the best known of upper Mississippi River vessels. It made its first trip in the spring of 1850. See Russell Blakeley, "History of the Discovery of the Mississippi River and the Advent of Commerce in Minnesota," in *Minnesota Historical Collections*, 8: 382, 388.

are nearly all French and 1/2 breed indians and have no enterprise about them

Oct. 23rd. The weather is as it has been remarkably fine. Scenery good and travelling faster than before. at 10 oclock A.M. passed where the battle of Badaxe was fought in the Black hawk War, and passed the lovers leap it is a very high rock where a white man jumped off with his lady love (a squaw []) in his arms they were pursued by the indians.<sup>4</sup>

Oct. 24th. Last night about 8. o'clock took aboard 40 indians old and yound [*sic*] of the Winnebago tribe they are a miserable dirty lousy set of beings and such another noise yelling squeaking jabbering you never heard had also six chiefs of the S[i]oux tribe they are better dressed than the others but their costumes make them look hideous. they are going up to St. Pauls to treat or sell their lands which is called the St. Peters Country. the others the Government is removeing from Wis. away to the cold region of the North.<sup>5</sup> passed through Lake Pepin this 4 noon. it is 40 miles long and at the wides[t] place 5 miles. Left the Mis. river this after noon and went up Lake St. Croix to Stillwater, which is 30 miles from its mouth. got there about 8.o. to night it was Laid out 18 months since contains 10 or 12 stores, and as

<sup>4</sup> The battle of Bad Axe was the culmination of the tragic Black Hawk War. At Bad Axe River, about fifty miles above Prairie du Chien, on August 2, 1832, the great Sauk chieftain, Black Hawk, was overpowered by the whites and the members of his band were killed or taken prisoners. An account of the battle is given in Reuben G. Thwaites, "The Story of the Black Hawk War," in *Wisconsin Historical Collections*, 12: 237-261 (Madison, 1892). The generally accepted tradition concerning Lover's Leap, or Maiden Rock, a famous headland on the Mississippi near Stockholm, Wisconsin, differs slightly from Laird's. In the standard version the Indian maiden's lover was of her own race and only she leaped from the crag. W. A. Titus, "Historic Spots in Wisconsin," in *Wisconsin Magazine of History*, 10: 288, 289 (March, 1927).

<sup>5</sup> The story of the protracted removal of the Winnebago Indians from Iowa to Minnesota is given in William W. Folwell, *A History of Minnesota*, 1: 310-317 (St. Paul, 1921). Many straggled into Wisconsin from their reservation at Long Prairie and were returned from time to time in the manner described by Laird. Information on the purposes of the Sioux chiefs whom the author describes is also given by Folwell, in his *Minnesota*, 1: 275.

many taverns and gambling houses, 3 Large ware houses, and about 1000 inhabitanc:\*

25th. Got to St. Pauls this morning The great Depot of Minnesota it contains 6 churches, about 25 stores 6 taverns, groceries and gambling houses too numerous to mention, about 50 Lawyers, and Land agents, 250 gamblers and about 15 or 1800 inhabitanse. The houses are principally frame painted white. there are some large commodious brick dwellings speculation runs mighty high. lots sell very high. Mechanicks wages from \$1.50 to 3.00 per. day boarding from 3 to 6\$ per week. produce and provisions are very high as it must all be brought from down the river. there is but little land cultivated yet, but those that have farmes opened now will make money. the soil is very productive, is of a black sandy nature, it has this season produced 300 bu. of potatoes to the acre, and of very good quality, 50 bu. Oats 75 bu. corn and winter wheat does very well. potatoes are now worth 50 cts. Oats, 50 corn 75 Last spring potatoes were worth \$2.00, Oats 1.00 corn 1.50, flour 10.00 per bbl. There has been a great quantity of produce taken up this fall but it is thought they will be on short allowenc b4 spring Gov. Ramsey owns a great quantity of Land and has opened 3 or 400 acres this summer and intends bringing on a number of families from Penn. next spring to settle it. The soil between the Mis. and St. Croix rivers is of all kinds it is very full of Lakes and marshes. The Lakes abound with the finest kind of fish and produce Wild rice of which the indians make great use but is a short crop this season. the marshes produce cranburys. they commence getting ripe in Sept. and can be gathered till spring provided they are not covered with snow they are very scarce this year owing to the high water which killed them very much The Geography you have of this country is not very correct. I think according to your maps the Mis. river has almost a direct north and south course, but where the St. Croy empties into it it bears off

\* Laird's statement is misleading. Stillwater was founded in 1843. See Warren Upham, *Minnesota Geographic Names, Their Origin and Historic Significance*, 571 (*Minnesota Historical Collections*, vol. 17 — St. Paul, 1912). Its population in 1850, including that of Stillwater precinct, according to the manuscript census schedule in the custody of the Minnesota Historical Society, was 624 persons.

to the west considerably and the Croix runs north and south and is the line between Min[n]esota and Wisconsin and that part west of the Mis. belongs to the indians St. Pauls is about 40 miles from the mouth of the St. Croy and 14 miles across the country from Stillwater by stage. St. Pauls is laid out on quite a high bluff and has 2 or 3 ravines running through it, and its my opinion that it will not always remain the seat of government as it is too much to one side of the territory but it is a great place now every boat that lands spills out from 40 to 75 passengers There are two young men in company with me, from fox river Illinois who seem to be very fine young fellows. they came to prairie La Cross [*La Crosse, Wisconsin,*] at the mouth of the river of the same name in a light two horse waggon just fixed for travelling and could go no further with well, and got on the boat. we had seen as much of St. Pauls by noon as we wanted. We three and another man hired a hack this afternoon to go to the falls of St. Anthony pay 75 cts apiece or as we call it sixbits (6 1/2) distance 9 miles, by the river it is 15 horse hire comes very high up here \$3 per day for horse and buggy. a 2 horse team gets \$4 per day, and \$4 per acre to get breaking done Horses and cattle are very scarce here yet, horses are worth from 100 to 150\$ sheep and hogs I have seen none there is considerable water power here but not so much as the people of the place report ther[e] are one or two mills in the course of erection. I thought I would send you a paper from here as well as some more of my friends but some how I did not get them. there is two published here I believe.<sup>7</sup>

Falls of St. Anthony Oct 26th arrived here last evening it is a very good situation for a town there is a bank of 20 or 25 feet from the water then there is room for a street with houses on each side then another bank about the same height, then a beautiful prairie back 2 or 3 miles the town is laid out near 2 miles long and 1/2 mile wide. I have almost made up my mind to remain here this winter but think it rather cold and if a feller gets friz up

<sup>7</sup> Probably Laird's reference is to the *Minnesota Pioneer* and the *Minnesotian*.

here they have to stay. they generally expect cold weather to commence about the middle of Nov. and continue till May. they do not feel it so much as farther south it is more frosty and not so much wind. the frost such as you sometimes have of a very frosty morning, will remain on the trees for six weeks at a time although the sun may shine every day they have no cloudy or rainy weather in the winter, generally have from 1 to 2 1/2 feet snow which lays from it first falls until spring. for three months of the winter it scarcely ever thaws a particle. the people that work out door wear 3 and 4 flannel shirts at a time 2 pair drawers 2 and 3 pair Socks. there is but little work done here through the winter except in the pinery which is still from 50 to 100 miles still further up the river all the tributarys of the mis. from the Wisconsin up have immense quantities of pine toward their sources of which, Uncle Sam, is losing great quantities every year Men go up in the summer and make their hay and claim. it takes a company of 8 to 10 men to every team. they are hired by men that make a business [*sic*] of it. they draw the tree the full length to the river by cutting it up which takes 3 and 4 yoke of cattle. they can not raft it where they cut it on account of the many falls in the river but drive the logs down in the spring to the different saw mills below the falls of St. Anthony is a romantic sight the highest perpendicular fall[1] of the water is 18 feet but there is a goodeal of fall in the river for 1/2 mile above and below the river is about 1/2 mile wide with an Island a little to the east side of the middle the water power here is immense There is one large saw mill. the dam or boom is made from shore to the island is made high enough to let no water over so as to keep their logs from running away but holes left for the water to pass through. they can build their mill the whole length of the boom which would be sufficient to run 20 saws. they have but 4 saws now which cut 25000 ft. every 24 hours and they could hardly supply the town of St. Anthony this summer with building lumber so you may think it is improving some. last 4th. July a year there was but 3 houses in the place now ther[e] is 4 or 5 churches 1/2 doz stores and near 1000 inhabitanace. More than 3/4 of the popu-

lation is from maine.\* The saw mill is the best I eve[r] saw they draw up their logs out of the water slab them off, throw the slabs through[h] a trap door down to the basement wher[e] they have 1/2 dozen circular saws and cut them in to laths and shingles then below the mill on a level with the lower floor it is planked the length of the mill and 50 feet wide where they run out their lumber from above they lost about 20,000 logs this summer by high water owing to the great water power here it will always be a place of importance. Although steamboats can come no further than fourt Snelling or St. Peters as it is called there was however a boat running above the falls this summer.<sup>9</sup>

Oct. 27th. Crossed the river this afternoon to the indian territory it is the finest part of minesota. The Government has a lease from the ind[i]ans of 1000 acres about the fort fo[r] the use of the soldiers. the fort is 8 miles from St. Anthony. got here at sun set and am pretty tired. Viewed the fort some and put up at Mr. Prescotts an old frenchman married to a squaw seems to be a fine old man, has been here 20 odd years.<sup>10</sup> I intended to stay all night here, but after supper here comes the steam boat Dr. Franklin<sup>11</sup> I want to move aboard of her and put down the river She unloads some 2700 sacks Oats here

\* The manuscript schedule of the census of 1850 for St. Anthony and St. Anthony precinct shows a population of 656 persons. Though a very large proportion of them were from Maine, they were by no means seventy-five per cent of the total, as claimed by Laird. Since the census of 1849, submitted on July 4 of that year, lists 248 persons in St. Anthony, it is clear that Laird's statement that there were but three houses in the settlement is inaccurate. Folwell, *Minnesota*, 1: 351, 352.

<sup>9</sup> This was the "Governor Ramsey," John Rollins, master. For other references to this boat, see *ante*, 7: 106, 131, 177.

<sup>10</sup> Philander Prescott, who began trading in the vicinity of Fort Snelling in 1820, was not a French-Canadian, as so many of his fellow traders were. He was born in Phelpsstown, New York, in 1801. See his "Reminiscences," in *Minnesota Historical Collections*, 6: 475-491.

<sup>11</sup> There were two boats at this time of the same name. See Blakeley, in *Minnesota Historical Collections*, 8: 381, 382. The *Minnesota Pioneer* for October 31, 1850, shows that the "Dr. Franklin No. 1" had arrived recently.

Sabbath Oct. 28.<sup>12</sup> have been in my state room all day pretty much. stopt at St. Pauls last night about 12 oclock a few min.

Oct. 29th. got off the boat last night at 9 oclock at prairie La Cross, with those two men I spoke about made arrangements to travel with them down through Iowa and up Ill. the man they left their horses with let their horses run off next day after they left and ha[d]nt got them yet. went to hunt geese and ducks to day they are very plenty the man came home to night (after being out 3 days) without the horses he is worth them

30th. Concluded to not wait longer on the horses jumped on a raft that lay there and am travelling down the river at the rate of 2 or 3 miles an hour

31st nothing of importance.

Nov. 1. old fashion. stop I got a head of myself one day some how Nov. 1st. 2 boats passed us to day the first since I got or the raft or I should not have been on so long, but got off raft at noon at Clayton City Iowa, 1 ware house 2 stores 1/2 dozen dwellings commenced last fall. walked 18 miles throu[gh] a nice country to Elkader on turkey river. stayed at a private house where they keep straglers. had a taste of real western life eat and sleep all to gether no ways bashful though

Nov. 2nd. have to walk again 25 miles to west union where Harvey Bruns lives got to west union after dark still 3 miles to cousin Jane B—— so put up for the night. its a big town 1 tavern and store country rough and broken to day.

Nov 3r Sunday walked to cousins today they are all well. stayed with them until Wednesday after noon then started back part of the way, as I cannot [walk] much more than 20 miles a day on account of my feet. hardly any person living out here yet had to stop at a cabbin 12. by 15 feet. 2 old folks 3 big girls 5 men 1 boy mysilf and another stragler no other place to stop eat and sleep all together

<sup>12</sup> The Sunday of this week fell on October 27. Laird on November 1 realized that he had made a mistake in his dates, but his remarks for that day do not explain when or why.

Nov. 7 got to Elkader in good time have a ball here to night I helped them to dance one or two setts and then went to bed at 9 oclock. Elkader contains 4 or 500 inhabitance they have a very large flouring mill.

Nov. 8th expected to take the stage for dubuque which is 60 miles, but oweing to high water in a branch of Turkey the driver did not bring the coach so he and I walked and rode turnabout for 12 miles more. travell[e]d through pretty rough country today stopt in what is called the colony settled by Pennsylvanians it is a very pretty piece of prairie and timber.

Nov. 9th. country still quite broken passed throu one place that was pretty good settled by du[t]ch here I see the first wooden shoes in my life. they have quite a large woolen factory which I saw in operation got to Dubuque about sunset it is quite a nice city some 5 or 6000 inhabitance nearly as large as Galena and will in time be the largest.

Sunday Nov. 10th. would like to have been at home to day. stage was to leave for Galena at 2 oclock but did not go went to church to night heard a Baptist minister preach the funeral sermon of Dr. Judson the missionary.<sup>18</sup> it was very good and I felt more at home than I have in any church since I left Pennsylvania

Nov. 11th stage dont go to Galena until 4 oclock and when I get there still 12 miles from hom[e] and they want to charge me 5.\$ to take me home in buggy it is 20 miles to Galena and only 20 to home through by Hazle Green Wis. so I new no easier way to earn 5.\$ than to walk crossed the river to Ill. and traveled out of Ill. to Wis. three states in one day. got home in the evening found them all well and glad to see me thought I had got lost for I did not expect to be gone more than 10 days. I was not long in getting the letter from home i tell you. got one from Wm. Wilson, which had been here near 3 weeks he was at anunt [sic] Nellys when he wrote.

<sup>18</sup> Laird probably is referring to the veteran Baptist missionary in Burma, the Reverend Adoniram Judson, whose death had occurred in the spring of 1850. Many public accounts of his career were appearing at the time of Laird's trip.



Nov 14th had intended sending this today but did not get it finished in time for the mail. I think of going down to Freeport [Illinois] in a day or two.<sup>14</sup> Well James I do not no whether you can read this or not or whether its worth reading. my hand is getting tired and my sheet is full. I want you to write soon, and tell me all about matters and things.

J. C. LAIRD. to M. J. LAIRD

[P. S.] Catherine says tell them I never enjoyed better health in my life. children are very hearty. Willy is as fat as a bear love to all ask Cretia if she has forgotten me.<sup>15</sup>

J. C. L.

JOHN C. LAIRD TO LUCRETIA FRUIT

[Orrin F. Smith and Family MSS. — A. L. S.]

NEW DIGGINGS March 15<sup>th</sup> 1851

DEAR SISTER,

Abner was writing a few lines to you, and said he could not write much so I concluded to write a sentence or two I received your company letter a few days since and was very glad to hear from you all and know you were all weell. I had indeed began to think you were never agoing to favour me with a scratch of a pen I have enjoyed most excelent health this winter. I came up here to the diggings some 4 weeks since but expect to go back to Freeport next week. You talk about wanting to see me at home I would like most dearly weel to see you all but do not know when it will be. it may not be for six months or a year yet. About the first or second week in April I think of going up the river some distance to a place called Prairie La Cross, or it may be some other place. I want to secure me some Land some place before returning home. I have found no place that I would rather live than in Stephenson Co. Ill. but as you say every person cannot live there, and a person must have some capital to settle there as the railroad

<sup>14</sup> Laird went to Freeport, but by March 15, 1851, was back in New Diggings, as the second letter shows.

<sup>15</sup> Catherine was Mrs. Abner Goddard; Cretia was her sister, Lucretia Fruit.

excitement has put the price of Land up very high. so I think if I go into a new place [I] can grow up with it and be somebody and then I want to get as near the river as possible. the advantages of the place I speak of are considerable. it has a firstrate steamboat landing, which is the only one for some distance above or below, and then ther[e] is a fine section of country back you recollect I spoke of the place when I was up the river Last fall. And if I stop there I will try and secure you some land too. it is rather far north but if a person gets used to it they dont mind trifles It is about time for the mail to leave and I must stop but you will hear from me again before long so good bye Give my love to all

Yours &c.  
JOHN C. LAIRD

## NOTES AND DOCUMENTS

### A SCHOOL PROJECT IN LOCAL HISTORICAL RESEARCH

KERKHOVEN, MINNESOTA, April 28, 1931

TO THE EDITOR:

In response to your request I am giving below a brief résumé of a project in student historical research that I have launched at Kerkhoven.<sup>1</sup> I shall be glad to have you use the results of this experiment in any way you wish. If you know of others who are working along similar lines, I should like to exchange ideas and experiences with them. Perhaps I should state that I am certain that one less burdened with administrative responsibilities could carry out such an activity with much more satisfactory results.

After the Swift County Historical Society had been organized, I soon found that the task of collecting historical materials for its library—in the face of insufficient funds and lack of interested and trained individuals who had time for volunteer work—was quite beyond my own resources. The county newspapers responded quickly to a request for copies of each week's issue and in the storeroom of my office at Kerkhoven I began to build up a newspaper file dating from September, 1930. In addition a clipping file was started and kept up to date with the receipt of each issue of the local papers. But this is only a part of what an historical society should be doing. In our particular county seventy years had slipped by before any local effort was made to preserve the memories and incidents of the past. Our problem became: how shall we get the materials of the past into our files?

On several occasions I had thrown out the suggestion that we should be able to enlist the aid of history teachers in our local schools in getting our older boys and girls to do some of the necessary research work. This would be of great value to the

<sup>1</sup> The writer is superintendent of the Kerkhoven Public School and secretary of the Swift County Historical Society. *Ed.*

society and at the same time give to the students an insight into the making of history which few today acquire from their textbooks. Since my suggestions did not seem to bring forth much coöperative response, I concluded that it would be wise for me to undertake an experiment with an eleventh-grade American history class I was teaching to see whether such a program was actually practical.

In order to familiarize the students with the general outline of their local history, and also to convey to them the idea that there is a great deal of real history right at home, a week was set aside for a careful study of a *History of Swift County*, published by the Swift County Historical Society in 1930.<sup>2</sup> During the week I suggested that each member of the class could become an historian by helping to start the work of collecting factual materials and, to the best of his ability, writing a little essay on what he found. I tempted the students with the promise that their articles would be published in the local paper.<sup>3</sup> In the steps that followed—selecting research subjects, planning procedures, offering suggestions, and the like—I assumed the leadership. Topics were so distributed that only one student worked on a given subject, but whenever possible an individual was given a subject in which he was especially interested or on which he had easy access to materials. The absence of adequate documentary data made it necessary to pursue the investigations largely by talking with the older members of the community. Some township, school, and church records were used. After the project was once under way I allowed the students to complete it to the best of their abilities, neither hurrying them along nor putting too much of myself into the organization of the papers. I wished to see how well high school students could carry on such activities with a minimum of assistance. A few illustrations of the topics used follow: histories of Hayes and Sunburg townships, the Kerkhoven Lutheran Church, incidents in the life of the grandfather

<sup>2</sup> This volume, which is the work of Mr. Anonsen, is reviewed *ante*, 11: 434-436. Ed.

<sup>3</sup> For a list of some of the essays published in the *Kerkhoven Banner* before April 1, see *post*, p. 210. Ed.

of one of the writers, the store of O. Thonvold and Son, H. A. Steen's railroad career, and the medical profession in Kerkhoven.

Some of the papers were not very well organized, others were not as complete as they should have been, and several did not materialize, either because no sources could be found or because of the student's mental indifference. The majority of the students, however, particularly the upper third, showed themselves capable of collecting facts and putting them into such form that they could be preserved for future use. One student unearthed an old letter written from Sweden thirty years ago. If we get our boys and girls to rummaging around in trunks and attics with a definite purpose in mind, important documents are certain to come to light. Not the least interesting phase of the project was the weekly publication of some of the better essays in the *Kerkhoven Banner*. One week the editor made a real "scoop," for the student article that he received, on the "History of the East Salem Church," happened to come at the exact date of its fiftieth anniversary celebration.

What of the future? Would it not be ideal to make the project county-wide? History and social science teachers could make a practice of meeting at the county seat early in the fall each year to stimulate interest in local historical work, to arouse the enthusiasm of new arrivals, and to plan a definite program for the year. The society may have definite problems to meet, and it can ask the schools to consider these during the year. For the first few years I should suggest that the topics be of diverse and much scattered types, so that all our resources may be plumbed. I include social science teachers because they could assist materially with topics on government, economics, and sociology. Over a period of years a mass of material could be accumulated, which, if used judiciously by the society, could furnish the details for a true picture of the development of Swift County.

STANLEY H. ANONSEN

## REVIEWS OF BOOKS

*Soil: Its Influence on the History of the United States, with Special Reference to Migration and the Scientific Study of Local History.* By ARCHER BUTLER HULBERT, director of the Stewart Commission on Western History of Colorado College. (New Haven, Yale University Press, 1930. x, 227 p. Illustrations, maps. \$2.50.)

"Factors presented by our soil provinces and soil series must be recognized if the early story of American migration is to be completely understood; while this applies particularly to the early generations of the period of American development when most men were agriculturists, it also has a significance continuing throughout our entire history as a nation down to the present time" (p. 68). In these words Professor Hulbert puts the theme of this stimulating and suggestive book. In it he sketches the outlines of a fascinating picture, of which heretofore one could find only isolated details, more or less unrelated to one another. Admitting the drawing to be preliminary and rough, he does, nevertheless, produce something in which the principal elements of a more perfect work are recognizable.

A foundation for the study is laid in the first five chapters. After outlining briefly the geological growth of the continent and the formation of geographic provinces, the author takes up in turn "Climatic Influences on Men and Vegetation," "The Waterway Keys to Our Soil Provinces," "Some Aspects of River Control," and "Highland Pathways of Conquest and Migration." These chapters are more or less a recapitulation of the work that has made the author's name so well known in a specialized field of American history. Then follows a consideration of the central thesis, soil in its relation to migration and settlement, introduced by a short statement about the different varieties of soils as classified by the United States bureau of soils and some general observations on "Soils and Migration."

Generalization, the result of reading a wide range of monographic and specialized studies and synthesizing their content, is followed by a presentation of the evidence. The author takes up the movement of population from the Atlantic into the interior of the continent, emphasizing broad aspects with specific illustrative detail. "The Meadows of New England" (chapter 8) vie with other factors in explaining the successive waves of migration into the region farther and farther from the seaboard. The "Bay Men" heard the "Call of the Connecticut" (chapter 9) and sought out meadows of "The Nipmuck and Chestnut Countries" (chapter 10) which dotted the interior of New England, meadows that, restricted as they were in area, had as much to do with compact settlements and township organization as did religious conviction or necessity of defense. The author also tells of the "Tidewater Pioneers" on soils adapted to the raising of bright leaf tobacco, maize, or wheat, and of the push up into the Virginia Piedmont with its army of small farmers on the "rich bottoms, uplands, hills, intervalles and meadows" in the land of Cecil sands and Cecil clay.

A phase of the story which evidently engaged especially the author's interest—both because of its intrinsic dramatic features and the greater amount of historical spade work already done—and which certainly holds the reader's attention is that which deals with the drift of varied elements across New York and Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, and North Carolina, moving westward by following a southerly route. The Palatines who smelled out the limestone soils and fastened themselves on some of the fattest acres of eastern America; the Scotch-Irish, who avoided the "dry" limestone lands and, with the English,—a buffer against the aborigines,—took up the "barrens" where they could raise grains and pasture cattle; the relation of these invaders to Penn and others who had lands to dispose of; the modifications produced by religious and political variations; all these topics form the theme of a series of concentrated chapters (13-15). "The Conquest of the Alleghenies" and the "Bluegrass Region of Kentucky and Beyond" really end the most

constructive parts of the work, for the chapter given up to "Types of Soil Influence in the West" is little more than an outline, barely suggesting the possibilities of the subject.

Finally the author packs into the concluding chapter "A New Basis for the Study of Local History." "There is perhaps no town, township, or county of the United States which could not be taken as a concrete subject for a study of local history of a new type, and the field ought to be particularly attractive to patriotic organizations sometimes at a loss to find interesting subjects to develop, and to all out-of-door clubs and leagues of young people. Phases of the subject are worthy of graduate study, particularly those relating to the history of American surveys." Many practical suggestions are made as to just what may be done, and if he has done nothing else, Professor Hulbert has come to the rescue of harassed advisers who are sometimes at a loss for topics for theses and dissertations. But the value of the work is far greater than this: it has taken a mass of material and found therein certain general principles too frequently overlooked; it opens new lines of thought; it emphasizes again the sterility of history written from the political point of view only; and incidentally it brings out once more the exceeding complexity of motives in human social activity.

LESTER BURRELL SHIPPEE

*The Last Frontier.* By ZACH T. SUTLEY. (New York, The Macmillan Company, 1930. vi, 350 p. Map. \$3.00.)

In the spring of 1867 Zach Sutley, a young student at a Pennsylvania normal school and a grandnephew of Alexander Ramsey, left home for a season of adventure "out West" with the firm intention of returning to his classes in the fall. One trip "led to another into the frontier," however, and his return was "postponed from fall till spring and from spring till fall until eight years had rolled by." And when he did go back "to stay" in 1875, it was only to discover that he had been "spoiled for living in such narrow confines," and he promptly headed for the West once more.



The *Last Frontier* is a colorful cinema of the numerous experiences the author managed to pack into a decade and a half of life on the vast frontier extending from Texas to Hudson Bay. He hunted buffaloes and shot at Indians on the western plains; trapped furs in the mountains of Wyoming and Colorado; served as guide on exploring expeditions, notably on one conducted by General Custer into the Black Hills; traveled as express messenger on the stage from Alexandria, Minnesota, to Fort Garry, Manitoba; and traded for furs in the Hudson Bay territory as a representative of Joseph Ullmann, a prominent St. Paul furrier. He took charge, in 1875, of driving a great herd of seven thousand Texas longhorns to the Indian agencies in Dakota Territory, where the government distributed them among the Indians; supervised a stage crew on the line running from Fort Pierre to Deadwood; hauled freight and farm produce between the Missouri River ports and the settlements that sprang up in the Black Hills after the discovery of gold there; carried mail; and surveyed government land to be opened up for homesteading. He saw the frontier transformed "to prosperous farms and ranches and to rich mines and cities" and he came into more or less close contact with many of the men and women associated with its history — "Buffalo Bill" Cody, John Tennis, Kit Carson, Brigham Young, Jim Bridger, Billy Paxton, and "Calamity Jane."

A chapter on "St. Paul and Hudson Bay" is of special interest to Minnesotans, for it contains a description of St. Paul in the early seventies, an interesting sketch of the Red River trade, and incidental references to several well-known Minnesota figures — among them Cushman K. Davis, then a "small-town lawyer"; William R. Merriam, then connected with the First National Bank of St. Paul; Samuel R. Van Sant, whom the author first knew as a steamboat captain; and James J. Hill, agent for a steamboat company. There are scattered references throughout the book to others who were more or less identified with Minnesota history, especially to the Sioux half-breed guide and trapper, Napoleon de Rocheau, who accompanied Sutley on a trapping expedition in Wyoming in 1869. In the chapter entitled "I Meet Jesse

James" the author tells the story of the Northfield robbery, which he just escaped witnessing, and how he and a companion, camping near Yankton a couple of days later, unwittingly assisted in the escape of Frank and Jesse James.

LIVIA APPEL

*The Range Cattle Industry.* By EDWARD EVERETT DALE. (Norman, University of Oklahoma Press, 1930. xvii, 216 p. Illustrations, maps. \$4.00.)

The author of the volume under review is a pioneer in that field of economic history which deals with the ranching industry of the plains. Because of the fact "that many of the more recent books and monographs dealing with ranching are unreliable," those who know of Dr. Dale's very valuable work in the Southwest have looked forward to the publication of the present volume with much interest. The reviewer must confess, however, that the *Range Cattle Industry* has hardly fulfilled his own anticipation of the authoritative treatment of this phase of western history which Dr. Dale, more than any other western historian, is qualified to write. With the wealth of local material available and the personal contact and experience with the ranching industry that the author has had, it is indeed disappointing to find a narrative built up so exclusively on the bare framework of government reports and statistics. Valuable as government documents are, particularly as they concern the relations between the cattleman and the Indian and the cattleman and the public land office, one comes away from a perusal of them fully in agreement with the western contention that Washington officialdom was, on most occasions, utterly incapable of understanding western conditions and the western point of view. Although the bibliography lists many manuscripts and newspapers, local in origin, so little use has been made of them that the story lacks the vitality and completeness which such material would surely have given to it.

The first three chapters tell the rather familiar story of the condition of the ranching industry in Texas at the close of the Civil War, of the conditions on the central and northern plains at the outset of the Texas drives, and of the drives themselves.

Chapters 4 and 5 deal with stock-growing on the northern and central ranges from 1865 or thereabouts down to 1900. In discussing the early extension of the industry in these regions, the author overlooks the important rôle played by the Indian, who, up to 1877 at least, controlled a good two-thirds of Wyoming and half of Montana. As to the transition from the uncontrolled range to controlled pasturage and forage raising, the reviewer agrees with the author that an account of this process is difficult, but he cannot accept the statement that it is unprofitable. It can scarcely be denied that the bases of the present ranching industry of the Northwest were laid during that period of change from one form of stock-raising to another. The very valuable monograph of Robert S. Fletcher on the "End of the Open Range in Eastern Montana," published in the *Mississippi Valley Historical Review* for September, 1929, has demonstrated the great importance of such a study. The two succeeding chapters bring the reader back to the Southwest, to Texas and Oklahoma. Here the author is "on the home range," and these two chapters are by far the best in the book. These are followed by chapters on the relations between the ranching industry and the feeding areas in the corn belt and on the future of western ranching.

A few corrections and additions might be suggested. The battle of the Little Big Horn was fought in 1876 (p. 42); the Northern Pacific reached Bismarck in 1873 (p. 44); gold was discovered in the Black Hills in 1874 (p. 89); and the Swan Land and Cattle Company was organized in 1883 and went into the receiver's hands in 1887 (p. 111). In the bibliography one misses the listing among the newspapers of the *Breeder's Gazette*, although the author has depended upon it more than upon any other journal. Rudolf A. Clemen's *American Livestock and Meat Industry* (New York, 1923), on which the author leans rather heavily in chapter 8, is not to be found in the bibliography. The lack of a reference to the very valuable work of Louis Pelzer is a serious omission. The set-up of the index renders its use a graphic and specialized studies and synthesizing their content, is bit difficult. The format is good, the illustrations are very helpful,

ERNEST S. OSGOOD

*Freighters of Fortune: The Story of the Great Lakes.* By NORMAN BEASLEY. (New York and London, Harper and Brothers, 1930. ix, 311 p. Illustrations. \$3.50.)

In this volume, according to the author, are to be found romance, tragedy, and drama from the days of La Salle to the Scotsman of Pittsburgh. Romance means action and it occurs on almost every page, from the era of the "Griffin" to the present, when six-hundred-foot ore boats dock at the "Queen City of the Unsalted Seas." Wheat and ore seldom fail to interest the Minnesota reader, and here is the story of the transportation of these products in the Great Lakes region, with some account of the development of their production. Sailing vessels, steamers with their forty-foot side-wheels, and finally the modern craft are listed and described. Unlike many books of this type, the present volume has an excellent index. Hence, the tired business man or the lay reader may easily locate material about his favorite boat or find the mention of an equally favored ancestor who won his way from poverty to wealth through constructing ships or by spending winter days and nights exploring on the Mesabi Range. The sturdy heroism of the "Seven Iron Men" wins recognition, and many other pioneers of northeastern Minnesota figure in the story. Tonnage figures and quotations from source materials appear not infrequently in the pages of Mr. Beasley's book, and a panorama of capitalists furnishes much of the weave in its episodic pattern. Here is the history of iron, some of it a record of suffering and sacrifice.

One element is missing. Although there is much romance, there is a shortage of villains. To be sure, there are "Jim" Carr of Harrison, Michigan, and his wife "Maggie," who took money by the bucket from the lumberjacks frequenting their emporium of gayety and hard liquor. Carr died in right proper fashion, frozen by the winter wind and filled with his chief commodity, while Maggie remained to die a public charge a few years later. But among the great men of industry whose records fill the book, one looks in vain for one to fill the unpleasant rôle. But why spoil

a good narrative, full of interesting facts, for the sake of a cynical reviewer?

No one who has lived in the region of the iron ranges and the lakes can fail to appreciate this vivid and cleverly written volume. And, if the reviewer may suggest an ideal time for reading it, let this be done on a night when a forty-mile northeaster rattles the windows and the lake runs high along Minnesota Point. Then, with pipe well filled and an armchair in front of a fire of blazing birch, let the reader turn to chapter 22 on "Red Lanterns," and in fancy ride the waves with the good ship "Waldo" as she meets the gale.

PHILIP G. AUCHAMPAUGH

*Den sidste folkevandring: Sagastubber fra nybyggerlivet i Amerika.* By HJALMAR RUED HOLAND. (Oslo, Norway, H. Aschehoug and Company, 1930. 331 p. \$2.75.)

Mr. Holand's latest book, entitled in translation "The Last Migration: Saga-fragments from the Life of the Pioneers in America," is further evidence of the fact that he is an excellent story-teller. The first word in the subtitle is indeed well chosen, for the author is a writer of sagas rather than a historian. The subject matter of the book is largely drawn from Mr. Holand's earlier work, *De Norske Settlementers Historie*, which appeared in 1908, although some new incidental material is added. The work seemingly starts as a history of Norwegian immigration to the United States, but the reader's expectations are not fulfilled, for in the main the book consists of a series of disjointed episodes in the history of the Norwegian settlements, presented more or less in chronological order. One has the sensation of being conducted around a picture gallery by a guide who pauses at various paintings and gives to each subject portrayed a verbal coloring that enhances its significance.

In the first chapter the author indulges in the exercise of informing his readers that the Norwegian immigrants, more than those of any other nationality, were paragons of virtue, industry,

and thrift. After presenting a brief account of the Viking expeditions to America, he sketches the beginnings of nineteenth-century Norwegian immigration. The story of Cleng Peerson is told with all the attributes of a Daniel Boone tale, as is also that of "Snowshoe" Thompson, who carried mail on skis across the Sierras in midwinter in the days of the California gold rush. Several chapters are devoted to the early New York, Illinois, and Wisconsin settlements, considerable space being given to Door County, Wisconsin, the author's home, and the Green Bay region. Accounts of two centers of Norwegian settlement in Iowa — Winnesheik and Mitchell counties — are presented, with a description of the old river town of MacGregor, where the settlers crossed the Mississippi from Wisconsin in the fifties. The account of the Norwegian settlements in Minnesota is fragmentary, but includes some new material about the southwestern prairie counties of the state, largely based on pioneer reminiscences. The effects of the Sioux Outbreak and of the grasshopper plagues of the seventies receive sketchy treatment, as do the great Norwegian settlements in the Minnesota "Park Region" and the Red River Valley. As to the latter, the author seems to be unaware that studies of the subject have appeared in the *North Dakota Historical Collections* and in other publications. The book is concluded with accounts of two famous Norwegian settlements, the Oleana colony in Pennsylvania and the Gaspé settlement at the mouth of the St. Lawrence River.

The book is replete with unsupported statements. The author shows a high-handed disdain for the fundamental rules of historical scholarship. For example, Norwegian emigration statistics are presented with no indication of the source from which they are drawn (p. 10). A fairly representative unsupported statement is the following: "Although there are occasional Norwegian law-breakers in American prisons, they are remarkably few. The percentage of Norwegian prisoners is less than that of any other nationality in America" (p. 12). Prejudices against such individuals as Elling Eielson and against people of other nationalities — especially the "Yankees" — are evident. For those who read

the Norwegian language and enjoy good stories, this book will serve as an evening's entertainment. For the historian it has little value, for the facts contained in it can be found elsewhere presented in scholarly fashion.

CARLTON C. QUALEY

*Historie om udvandringen fra Voss og Vossingerne i Amerika, med beskrivelse og historie af Voss, karter og billeder.* By K. A. RENE. (Madison, Wisconsin, 1930. 830 p. Illustrations. \$5.00.)

The author of this work on "The History of the Emigration from Voss and of the Vossings in America" states in his preface that it has been in preparation since 1914, a fact that one can well believe, as the book represents a tremendous expenditure of labor and money. Unfortunately, the manner of presentation and organization causes it to be primarily a genealogical source book for persons of Voss lineage, rather than a readable history of the emigration from Voss and of the dispersion of the Vossings in America; for it is made up mainly of sketches of individuals and families in the United States who are of Voss lineage. The work begins with a history of the district of Voss from the tenth century, and it then takes up the emigration to America that began in the middle thirties of the nineteenth century. The account of the coming of the Vossings and their settlement in this country from 1837 to 1850 is presented in a year by year chronicle, a most unsatisfactory manner of organization. The most valuable feature of the book for the historian lies in the fact that a number of valuable "America letters," or letters from Norwegian-Americans to friends in Norway, are included. One of these was written in 1835 by Gjert Hovland, a pioneer Norwegian settler of Murray Township, which then included the famous Kendall Township, New York. The letter was carried by Knut A. Slogvik to Norway, where it had a tremendous influence in stimulating emigration from Voss in the years following. Letters from the Beaver Creek and Fox River settlements in Illinois, from Chicago, from the short-lived Shelby County settlement in Missouri, from the Sugar

Creek settlement in Iowa, and from the pioneer Wisconsin settlements are included. A number of good illustrations and maps add much to the value of the book. The reviewer feels that the volume would have been much improved if more attention had been devoted to readable presentation of the material gathered and less to wholesale publication. It is, however, a valuable contribution to the history of Norwegian immigration and settlement.

C. C. Q.

*Erindringer: Lom, Long Lake, Fargo, Minneapolis*, vol. I. By J. T. ODEGARD. (Oslo, Norway, privately printed, 1930. 217 p. Illustrations, maps.)

This book of "Reminiscences" is the autobiography of a pioneer Norwegian immigrant of the sixties. The first part is devoted to an account of Mr. Odegard's boyhood and early manhood in the district of Lom, Norway. In the autumn of 1867 he emigrated with his father to the United States and went to Minnesota, where his father took land near Long Lake in Watonwan County. His experiences during the next three or four years were typical of many of the pioneer unmarried Norwegian immigrants. To supplement his earnings on the home farm and to learn more of the new country, he obtained employment successively in the construction of the Duluth and Superior Railroad, the St. Paul and Omaha Railroad, and the Northern Pacific from Duluth to Brainerd. In the spring of 1870 he returned to his home, and for the next four years he was employed by a farm implement dealer at Lake Crystal. During this time, in the course of his work, he traveled over a considerable part of the upper Minnesota River Valley. The grasshopper plague of 1874 made it difficult for the dealer to retain him, and so Mr. Odegard withdrew from his position. After a short trip to St. Louis to visit a farm implement factory, he went to St. Paul, where he entered the employ of a firm of farm implement distributors, for which he traveled over Minnesota and parts of Wisconsin, Iowa, and Dakota, delivering and setting up machines. In 1881 he went to Fargo and there he established a branch of his firm. His descrip-



tion of his activities in the Red River Valley is interesting, as his experiences were perhaps typical of those of the frontier business man. The author later resided in Minneapolis and eventually returned to Norway, but evidently he is reserving his account of these experiences for a second volume. A number of pictures and maps, which add much to the interest and attractiveness of the book, are included.

C. C. Q.

## MINNESOTA HISTORICAL SOCIETY NOTES

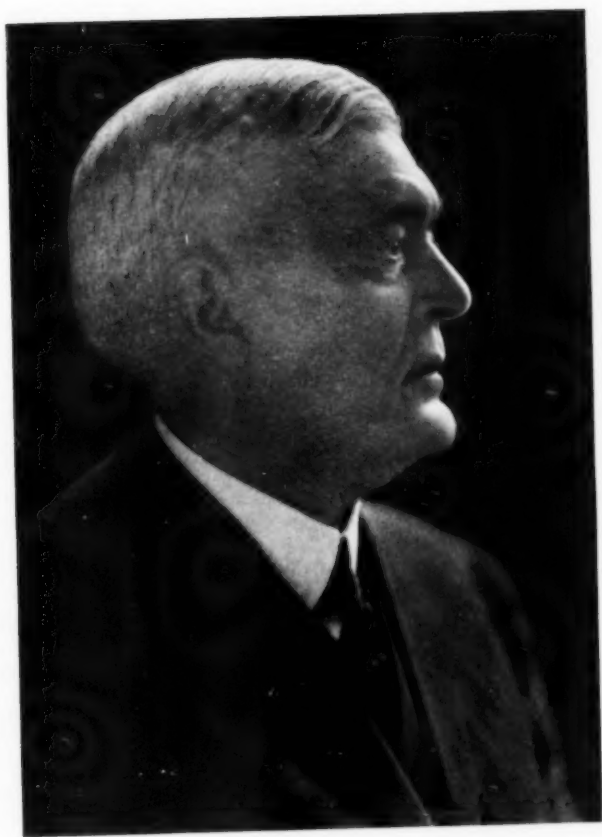
As this number of MINNESOTA HISTORY goes to press, Dr. Buck announces his resignation as superintendent of the society and as professor of American history in the University of Minnesota. On September 1 he will take up his duties in Pittsburgh, where he goes to head the Western Pennsylvania Historical Survey, to direct the Historical Society of Western Pennsylvania, and to accept a professorship in the University of Pittsburgh. The survey, which is financed by the Buhl Foundation in coöperation with the historical society and the university, has been launched with a view to exploiting the history of western Pennsylvania intensively and making the results of this research available to the public.

At a stated meeting of the society's executive council held in the superintendent's office on the evening of April 13, Judge J. F. D. Meighen of Albert Lea and Judge William E. Scott of Two Harbors were elected to fill the council vacancies caused by the deaths of William E. McGonagle of Duluth and John R. Swann of Madison. A memorial honoring the memory of the latter, prepared by Mr. Nathaniel F. Soderberg of Madison, was read by Mr. Ira C. Oehler and is herewith published.

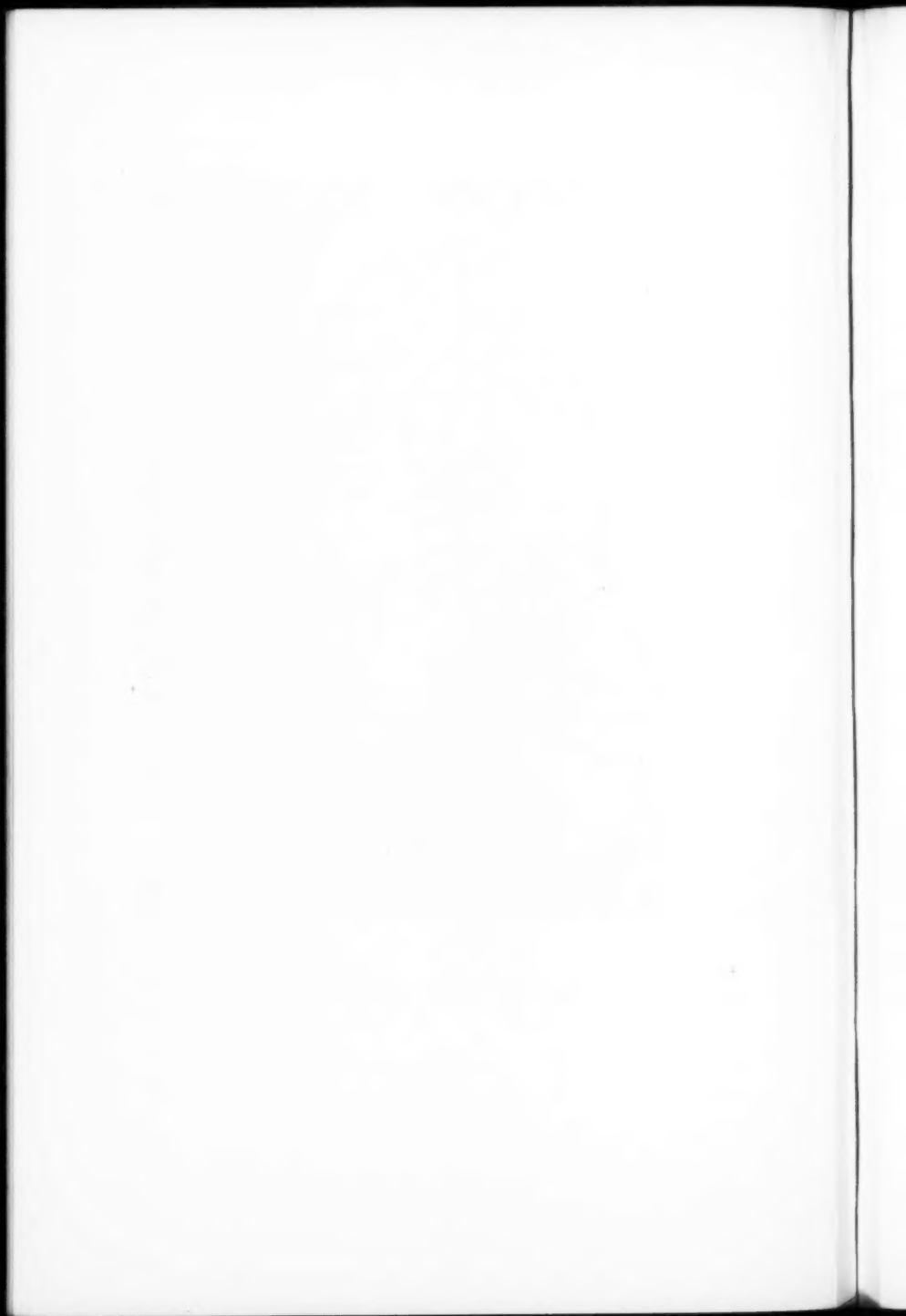
### JOHN RICHARD SWANN

On June 16, 1930, the earthly career of John Richard Swann came to a close. He had wrought well throughout the life allotted to him, and with his passing one of the most prominent and lovable figures in the history of the community in which he lived and in the state at large is no more.

Swann was born in Sweden on January 13, 1853. Early in life he learned of the land of opportunity, and when only fourteen years of age he came with his uncle to the United States, where he soon caught the spirit of the pioneer in the development of the great Northwest. He attended the public schools of St. Paul in the winters of 1869-70 and 1870-71. While attending school, he was employed as a clerk in a drug store and incidentally learned the drug business. In 1872 he removed to Willmar, then a promising town site on the Great Northern Railroad. There he found



*John R. Swann*



employment in a drug store as a clerk and pharmacist. After five years he had won the confidence and esteem of his employer, C. F. Clark, to such an extent that he was taken into the business as a junior partner. Their drug store was operated in conjunction with the post office and express office. Later a branch store was opened at New Richmond and Swann was placed in charge of it. The partnership continued until the death of Clark in 1887. During his association with Clark, Swann laid the foundations for a successful business career; and he very generously credited his partner with all his later success.

In 1891 Swann removed to Madison, in Lac qui Parle County, where he made his home up to the time of his death. There, in partnership with his brother-in-law, Mr. George Qvale, he opened a department store. Its business was very successful and it became the largest store in that part of the state. In 1901 Swann took over the interest of his partner and he operated the establishment as sole owner until 1908, when, because of the growth of the business, he took in as partners H. F. Hauck and J. M. Huck-ins. This arrangement continued until 1914, when Swann disposed of his interest to his partners and retired from the mercantile business. Thereafter he devoted his time to his private affairs and contributed his services freely and liberally in public matters, both state and local.

In 1877, while Swann was a resident of Willmar, he was united in marriage to Sophia Qvale, and to this union nine children were born, six of whom survive him. They are Mrs. M. A. Stemsrud, Clarence R. Swann, Mrs. M. A. Larson, and Esther Swann of Madison; Mrs. O. Z. Remsberg of St. Paul; and George W. Swann of Clarissa. Mrs. Swann passed away in 1928.

During his business career Swann acquired by diligence, frugality, and keen business insight considerable property, mostly in and around Madison. As a result of his unquestioned integrity, fair dealing, and business acumen he was placed in numerous positions of trust. During his career in Madison he served as president of the Madison Milling Company, the First National Bank, the Lac qui Parle Hotel Company, the Louisburg State Bank, and the Madison Telephone Company; and as a member of the board of directors of the Madison State Bank; and he was affiliated with and took an active part in numerous other financial and industrial enterprises of the city and the wider community.

He enjoyed at all times the esteem, respect, and confidence of those who knew him, and he was called upon continually to counsel and to serve in public affairs. He served for four terms as mayor of the city of Madison and he took a guiding and leading

part in the deliberations of the charter commission which formulated the home rule charter of the city. For more than twenty years he served as a member of the state board of visitors; and for many years he was a member of the tuberculosis sanitary commission. He was a charter member of the Madison Commercial Club, served for several years as its president, and was an active member up to the time of his death. In politics he was a staunch Republican and he supported the party by serving at various times in both state and county organizations. He was active in state campaigns for the last thirty years.

Swann took a great interest in the Minnesota Historical Society, of which he became a member in 1911 and a contributing-life member in 1923. On October 10, 1921, he was elected to the executive council of the society, a position that he held to the time of his death.

Swann possessed a genial, charming, yet strong and firm personality. He was always kind and courteous, easily approached, and loved and admired by all who knew him. He had a friendly voice and smile, a kindly spirit, a cordial manner, and a well-poised mind. The community in which he lived has lost, in his death, a faithful servant and an exemplary citizen, and his friends and associates have sustained a personal loss.

The state legislature, following the recommendations of the senate finance committee, declined to grant the increases requested by the society in its budget for the next biennium. These were \$3,300 a year in the maintenance fund, of which \$2,500 was for a curator of archives and \$800 for salary adjustments and special services; and \$1,000 a year in the general expense fund. One special item was granted, however — that of \$8,500 for another level of the main bookstacks, which ultimately will relieve the congestion in the library.

The Historical Society of Cook County has invited the society to participate in the celebration at Grand Portage in August of the two-hundredth anniversary of La Vérendrye's coming to that place in 1731 on his famous expedition into the region west of the Great Lakes. In view of the importance of the proposed celebration the society has decided to postpone its annual summer tour and convention from June to August and to make Grand Portage the objective. Tentative plans call for a three-day program. The society has been invited to join in an evening program at Duluth sponsored by the St. Louis, Lake, and Cook county historical so-

cieties under the leadership of the Honorable William E. Culkan of Duluth. The second day probably will be devoted to a tour along the north shore, with program sessions at Two Harbors and Grand Marais. On the third day the historical excursion will reach its climax at Grand Portage, where under the auspices of the Cook County society the anniversary celebration will be staged. The dates for the tour and convention are August 20 to 22 inclusive. Members and friends of the society will be informed by letter as soon as the plans have been formulated specifically.

Twenty-six additions to the active membership of the society were made during the quarter ending March 31. The names of the new members, grouped by counties, follow:

AITKIN: Fred F. Weddel of Aitkin.

BLUE EARTH: Wesley A. Streater of Mankato.

BROWN: Carl P. Manderfield of New Ulm.

CHIPPEWA: Severin O. Haugen of Milan.

COOK: Mrs. Schuyler C. Bowman of Hovland.

HENNEPIN: Milton Edstrom, Merlin W. Dutcher, Mrs. Margaret S. Harding, Ritchie G. Kenly, Hugh W. Martin, Donald E. Read, Mrs. Alice F. Tyler, Edgar B. Wesley, and Mrs. Eva E. Wold, all of Minneapolis.

LINCOLN: Louis P. Johnson of Ivanhoe and Dr. Frade N. Thomsen of Tyler.

MOWER: Elmer N. Anderson of Austin.

POPE: Ole P. Brendel of Glenwood.

RAMSEY: Edward L. Kernkamp, J. Clarke McKown, Mrs. Joseph G. Pyle, and Charles H. F. Smith, all of St. Paul.

ST. LOUIS: Philip G. Auchampaugh of Duluth.

WATONWAN: Fred H. Hillesheim of Madelia.

NONRESIDENT: Hastings H. Hart of New York and Le Grand Powers of Brookline, Pennsylvania.

The school library of Anoka and the Olivia Public Library have recently become subscribers to the society's publications.

The society lost ten active members by death during the three months ending March 31: Chauncey M. Griggs of St. Paul, January 10; Roe Chase of Anoka, January 12; J. H. Kahler of Rochester, January 12; Dr. William A. Jones of Minneapolis,

January 15; Hopewell Clark of St. Paul, February 3; William R. Merriam of Washington, D. C., February 18; George B. Aiton of Grand Rapids, February 23; Samuel Hill of Seattle, Washington, February 26; Charles W. Clark of South St. Paul, March 16; and Marshall H. Alworth of Duluth, March 31. The death of John A. Davis of San Rafael, California, on November 10, 1929, has not previously been noted in the magazine.

The superintendent has been appointed a member of the historical committee for the Chicago World's Fair of 1933 to be known as "A Century of Progress." The committee will plan the pageantry and the historical features of the program, among which will be an historical celebration to be held in connection with the opening of the fair.

A "Brief Sketch of Minnesota History" prepared by the curator of manuscripts was supplied for the 1931 *Legislative Manual*, and this sketch together with descriptive matter about the state has been reprinted for the society as an eight-page pamphlet.

The Minnesota Historical Survey is gathering momentum in its work of collecting information about historic sites and markers in the state. The advisory committee has been organized; a project has been worked out for the Boy Scouts of Minneapolis involving a systematic investigation of historic sites in that city; several lists of sites have been compiled; and the director, Mr. Babcock, has devoted considerable attention to a study of the exact routes of the Red River trails and to the locations of stockades, blockhouses, and cantonments during the Sioux Outbreak. He contributed a brief account of "The Minnesota Historical Survey and the Relocation of the Red River Trails" to the January issue of the *North Dakota Historical Quarterly*.

The superintendent was the principal speaker at the second annual history conference held at the University of Pittsburgh on March 21. In the course of the program he spoke twice, on "Materials for Research" and on "The Interpretation of American History." From Pittsburgh he went to Washington, D. C., where he devoted a few days to research in the Library of Congress.



Numerous calls for addresses and talks have been met by members of the staff during the past quarter. The superintendent addressed the State Teachers College of River Falls, Wisconsin, on Lincoln's birthday, taking as his theme "Lincoln and the Upper Mississippi Valley"; on February 21 he spoke at a Grange meeting at Edina on "The Granger Movement"; and on March 15 he discussed aspects of Minnesota history before the Men's Club of the St. Anthony Congregational Church of Minneapolis. The assistant superintendent went to New Ulm on January 12 for a meeting of the Brown County Historical Society, where he gave an illustrated talk entitled "Glimpsing Minnesota in the Fifties"; on February 12 he spoke on "English and French Opinion of Lincoln" before the Professional Men's Club of Minneapolis; he addressed the Men's Club of Bethlehem Lutheran Church of Minneapolis on March 20, dealing with the "Backgrounds of Norwegian Immigration to America"; and on March 24 he presented an illustrated talk at the College of St. Benedict, St. Joseph, on the subject of "Minnesota in the Fifties." The curator of the museum was the speaker on January 6 at a meeting in Red Wing of the Goodhue County Historical Society, his topic being "An Illustrated Ramble through Minnesota History"; and he discussed the work of the society on March 19 before the Men's Club of Faith Lutheran Church, St. Paul. The curator of manuscripts spoke on "Minnesota Pioneer Women" before the Henry Hastings Sibley chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, St. Paul, on March 19, and before a circle of the Ladies' Aid society of the Fairmount Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church, St. Paul, on March 24; and she gave a talk on "The Voyageur" on January 5 to the Columbia chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, Minneapolis.

An editorial writer for the *St. Paul Pioneer Press* of March 24 makes the following suggestion, apropos of the marking of historic sites: "There are doubtless many Minnesota communities that intend in time to raise a monument to some significant event in their history. These should first avail themselves of the services of the Minnesota Historical Society in order to insure thoroughness and accuracy in the placing of any historic marker within the state."

## ACCESSIONS

Ten letters written by John Marsh to his father from Fort Snelling and Prairie du Chien between 1825 and 1828, used by Dr. George D. Lyman in preparing his biography of Marsh (reviewed *ante*, 11:430-432), have been reproduced for the society by the photostatic process from the originals in the possession of the California State Library at Sacramento. In one letter written at Fort Snelling on February 22, 1825, Marsh describes a journey to Prairie du Chien, and gives the following picture of the hospitality of Red Wing, the Sioux chief: "A comfortable bed was made for me, and the good old man before he retired himself came and '*tucked me up warm*,' as my own dear Mother has done so many times."

Alfred Brunson's appointment as Indian agent at La Pointe, the settlers on the Fort Snelling reservation, the Faribault claim to Pike Island, and Lawrence Taliaferro are among the subjects noted on calendar cards for letters received by the secretary of war between 1835 and 1853, recently sent to the society by Dr. Newton D. Mereness, the archival agent at Washington for a group of historical agencies. His calendaring of the letter books of the chief of the bureau of topographical engineers has been continued to 1870 (see *ante*, p. 83), and among the topics noted on the cards for these papers are Dr. James Sykes's relations with Captain John Pope during the Woods-Pope expedition of 1849, the navigation of the upper Mississippi and Minnesota rivers, and the improvement of Lake Superior harbors.

Stephen R. Riggs's activities as a missionary among the Sioux in the forties and fifties and Samuel W. Pond's labors at the Prairieville mission are the subjects of transcripts recently received from the archives of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions in Boston.

A letter written in the fall of 1850 by a traveler in the upper Mississippi Valley, John C. Laird, is the gift of Dr. Warren P. Laird of Philadelphia, through the courtesy of Mr. Frederic Bell of Winona. Because of its unusual interest this document has been selected for publication in the present number of the magazine in the section entitled "Minnesota As Seen by Travelers."

Photostatic copies of the original schedules for Ramsey County of the special census of 1857, which was taken in order to ascertain whether the population of Minnesota Territory was sufficiently numerous for statehood, have been secured from the bureau of the census.

A number of manuscripts relating to the overland expeditions of Captain James L. Fisk in the sixties have been borrowed for copying from Mr. Charles G. Frisbie of Los Angeles, through the courtesy of Fisk's daughter, Mrs. Delle F. Staus of Hartland, Wisconsin. They include a copy of Fisk's report of the expedition of 1863, his instructions from the war department, and formal expressions of gratitude from emigrants. This material was located by Dr. Charles J. Ritchey of Macalester College, who with Dr. Blegen is editing a volume of contemporary sources on the Fisk expeditions.

The interests of the late Levi Longfellow of Minneapolis are reflected in a collection of personal papers, books, pamphlets, clippings, pictures, and relics presented by his daughters, the Misses Grace and Beatrice Longfellow. They relate, among other subjects, to the Grand Army of the Republic, the Sibley expeditions, the Civil War, and the Hennepin Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church of Minneapolis.

Photostatic copies of two large groups of letters written by Dr. Folwell have been made for the society from collections in the possession of Yale and Cornell universities. The first consists of thirty-five letters, most of them written to his brother-in-law, Professor Thomas R. Lounsbury of Yale, between 1871 and 1915; the second is made up of twenty-five letters written between 1867 and 1885 to President Andrew D. White of Cornell. In one of the latter, Dr. Folwell explains in great detail his relations with the faculty and board of regents of the University of Minnesota and the circumstances that led to his resignation as president of that institution.

A register of the Bullard House, a hotel at Read's Landing, for the years 1875 to 1879 is the gift of Mr. W. T. Pauly of Minneapolis. It is interesting to note that many of the hotel's guests were going to or from the Chippewa Valley, since Read's Landing was

a strategic point in the lumber industry. Mr. Pauly also has presented a pastel portrait of his father, James Pauly, the proprietor of the hotel.

Three class record books kept between 1879 and 1888 for the Minneapolis High School and a list of the pupils of one of the teachers in this school, Mrs. Lucy R. Gove, compiled in 1915 in connection with a reunion have been received from the estate of the late Mrs. Jessie H. Tuttle of Minneapolis.

The society has acquired an interesting scrapbook containing newspaper clippings for the year 1885 relating to John B. Douglas, police justice of Brainerd and judge of probate of Crow Wing, Cass, and Itasca counties; an extensive series of blank legal forms; and a number of political broadsides and tickets, particularly for the People's party.

The papers of the late Edward Sundell of New York have been received as a permanent deposit from the Swedish Historical Society of America, to which they were presented by his widow. Sundell was born and educated in Sweden, came to America in 1880, and resided most of the time until his death in 1929 in New York, where he engaged in literary activities and served for many years as the private secretary of Chauncey M. Depew. The papers include literary productions, fragmentary diaries, and correspondence. Among the subjects to which they relate are the Swedish element, New York politics, and Minnesota, which Sundell visited in 1890.

Letters of Knute Nelson, Andrew G. Chatfield, and Charles A. Lindbergh, Sr., are included in a group of papers added recently by Miss Bertha Baxter of Minneapolis to the collection of papers of her father, Judge Luther L. Baxter of Fergus Falls (see *ante*, 11: 205, 445).

Two diaries, a number of general and special orders, letters from headquarters, and other items relating to the activities in the Spanish-American War of Lieutenant Charles A. Clark of St. Paul, who served in the Philippines with Company E, Thirteenth Minnesota Volunteer Infantry, have been received from his estate through the courtesy of Miss Cleora C. Wheeler of St. Paul.

From the same estate and from those of Clark's sons, Major Harold M. Clark and Captain Charles P. Clark, — both of the United States army air service and both the victims of air disasters, — have come additional items of military interest, such as photographs of the three men and of various members of the Thirteenth Minnesota, military equipment used in the Philippine campaign and during the World War, and badges and medals. Of special interest are a group of papers of Captain Clark relating to aviation. These include four record books, three pilot's books, and an aviator's flight log book covering the years 1919 to 1929, presented by his widow, who resides in St. Louis.

The records of the recently disbanded Northern Pine Manufacturers' Association have been turned over to the society by Mr. Walter A. Ellinger of Minneapolis. They include minutes and reports of this organization and its predecessors, the Mississippi Valley and Wisconsin Valley lumbermen's associations, and of committees of these organizations extending over the years from 1899 to 1931.

An extensive body of business papers, collected by Mr. Hiram D. Frankel while he was practicing law in St. Paul from 1911 to 1923, have been presented by Mr. Frankel, now a resident of Winnetka, Illinois. They contain a wealth of material for the study of legal processes and of social and economic conditions. Many of the papers relate to fraternal, commercial, military, and other organizations with which the donor was connected, including the Independent Order of B'nai Brith, the Ancient Order of the Nobles of the Mystic Shrine, the Minnesota Home Guard, the Minnesota National Guard, the Jewish Welfare Board, the Four Minute Men, the St. Paul Association of Public and Business Affairs, and the St. Paul Alumni Association of the University of Minnesota. Material relating to a number of St. Paul grand opera seasons that Mr. Frankel managed, civic improvements, and patriotic work during the World War also is included.

A student paper on "Violence Against the Non-Partisan League in Minnesota during the World War," by Howard E. Bloom, has been received from the history department of Macalester College, St. Paul.

Memorials of five members of the Ramsey County Bar Association who died in 1929 and 1930 — William T. Francis, Owen Morris, Frederick M. Catlin, George M. Luethge, and John R. Donohue — have been received from the association.

A term paper on the "Farmers' Alliance in Douglas County" prepared by Mrs. Eva E. Wold for a course in Minnesota history at the University of Minnesota, is the gift of the author.

Brief histories of American Legion posts at North St. Paul and Stillwater have been received in accordance with a plan of the Minnesota department of the legion that each post in the state shall supply the Minnesota Historical Society with a sketch of its history.

A collection of large blue-print road maps, including one for each of Minnesota's eighty-seven counties, has been received from the state highway department. The maps show all the roads in the various counties and represent the latest map revisions issued by the department.

The society has acquired a copy of the first volume of a work entitled *Germania: Archiv zur Kenntniss des deutschen Elements allen Ländern der Erde* (Frankfurt, 1847. 467 p.), which contains much material relating to German immigration to the United States.

Four numbers of the *Western Farm and Village Advocate*, issued in 1852 in New York by the Western Farm and Village Association, and a circular of this town-site company, which established a colony at Minnesota City in the spring of 1852, have been reproduced by the photostatic process for the society from the originals in the possession of the Winona County Old Settlers' Association.

Fifty volumes of a German newspaper, the *Freie Presse* of Minneapolis, covering, with a few short gaps, the years from 1870 to 1927, have been presented by Mr. Adolph Dueval of Minneapolis, who was associated with the paper for more than forty years.

An incomplete file of *Reports* for certain years between 1891 and 1926 of the Evangelical Lutheran Synod of Iowa and other

States, including the North Dakota, South Dakota, Iowa, and Wisconsin districts, has been received as a gift from Professor G. J. Fritschel, librarian of Wartburg Seminary at Dubuque, Iowa. Through his assistance a number of other important additions to the society's growing collection of Lutheran church records have also been made. Some years ago a partial file of the *Kirchliche Mittheilungen aus und über Nord-Amerika*, a periodical founded at Nördlingen, Germany, in 1843, was secured (see *ante*, 10: 338); but the society has lacked most of the second series, which begins in 1869. The volumes from 1875 to 1909 have now been added, with some exceptions. The periodical, of which only a few files are known to be preserved in the United States, is of much value for students of religious conditions among the Germans in the Northwest. Certain numbers of another German periodical, the *Ansiedler im Westen*, the organ of a Berlin society for the promotion of German evangelical missions in America, for the period from 1872 to 1876, have also been acquired. These German publications are admirably supplemented by two German-American files, both unfortunately incomplete, which have been secured — the *Kirchenblatt der Evangelisch-Lutherischen Synode von Iowa* (Waverly, Iowa) for the period from 1873 to 1925, and the *Kirchliche Zeitschrift* (Chicago) for the years from 1876 to 1925. Among the editors of the latter publication, at different times, were Sigmund and Gottfried Fritschel and Wilhelm Proehl. Another interesting publication in the German-American field, secured through the aid of Professor Fritschel, is the eleven-volume *Deutsch-amerikanisches conversations-Lexicon*, edited by Alexander T. Schem (New York, 1869-1874), in the seventh volume of which appears an illuminating article about Minnesota.

A complete file of the *North St. Paul Courier* from 1919, when the paper was established, to the present is the gift of the publishers.

An interesting recent library accession is the *Constitution of the Waseca County Horse Thief Detectives*, a fifteen-page pamphlet printed in Waseca at some date later than April 2, 1925. The organization was formed in 1864 and is still in existence. The pamphlet, which contains in addition to the constitution a list of

members revised to April 2, 1925, was presented to the society by Miss Gladys Harshman, a graduate student in the University of Minnesota, whose home is in Waseca.

An interesting set of Chippewa birch-bark cut-outs and patterns and eight original drawings illustrating the picture writing of the Teton Sioux have been presented by Miss Frances Densmore of Red Wing.

A collection of firearms, including four early breech-loading carbines, a Russian rifle and a German mauser automatic pistol of the Russo-Japanese War period, a French service rifle of 1866, and an early percussion cap musket; a number of Chippewa objects, including a birch-bark scroll and a pipe tomahawk; and a group of photographs of newspaper men, army officers, Indians, and scenes collected during the Leech Lake Indian uprising of 1898 by William H. Brill of St. Paul have been presented in his memory by his sisters, Miss Ethel Brill and Mrs. John H. Chapman of St. Paul.

A camp chest, saddle, saddle cloth, haversack, and other equipment used during the Civil War by Lieutenant A. Beattie of the Twenty-sixth New York Artillery have been presented by Mr. Mark B. Beattie of St. Paul.

The society's collection of pioneer tools and implements has been enlarged by gifts of planes, bits, and other tools of the early cabinetmaker, from Mr. William F. Ball of St. Paul; and a flax breaking paddle, specimens of raw flax, and rolls of flax fibre of different degrees of fineness ready for spinning, from the Sisters of St. Benedict at St. Joseph.

Articles illustrative of domestic life recently received include a black walnut cradle made at Wasioja in 1857 by Dr. J. A. Garver, from Mrs. M. L. Garver of Dodge Center; a small walnut chest of drawers made in Denmark about 1830, from the estate of Miss May Listoe of St. Paul through the courtesy of Mrs. Nellie J. Gray of Minneapolis; a walnut bookcase that once belonged to Cushman K. Davis, from Dr. W. D. Kelly of St. Paul; and two samplers dated 1820 and 1823, from Miss Mary Folwell of Minneapolis.



Among recent additions to the society's costume collection are a sash characteristic of those worn by the *voyageurs*, dating from about 1896, from Mr. Axel Lindegard of Hallock; a number of articles of children's clothing, from Mrs. Arthur Katz of St. Paul; articles of men's attire, from Miss Alice Le Duc and Mr. Augustus V. Gardner of Hastings and from Mr. Willard E. Perkins of Los Angeles; and parts of a man's festival costume worn in Numedal, Norway, about 1855, from Mr. Ole K. Bergan of Sacred Heart.

To the picture collection have been added a pencil sketch of Cushman K. Davis, from Dr. Kelly; sixty photographs of prominent citizens of the Northwest assembled in the late eighties for use in a biographical volume, from Mr. Frederick E. Belcher of Winchester, Massachusetts, through the courtesy of Mr. Charles K. Bolton, librarian of the Boston Athenæum; a crayon portrait of Cornelious Couillard of Richfield, from his son, Mr. Adelbert Couillard of Minneapolis; a group picture of members of the Hennepin County Medical Society in 1899, from Dr. Edward J. Brown of Minneapolis; and photographs of the Captain Orrin Smith tablet at Winona, from Mr. Orrin F. Smith of that city.

## NEWS AND COMMENT

In a very suggestive article entitled "The Institutionalizing of the Prairies" published in volume 24, section 2, of the *Transactions* of the Royal Society of Canada for 1930, Dr. Edmund H. Oliver writes that there have been "four creative elements distinctive to the life of the Prairies"—the struggle against the handicap of distance, the victory over drought, the campaigns to attract settlers, and the development of the coöperative idea. The study relates to Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta.

Discussing "The Influence of the Frontier on the American Character," in the *Historical Bulletin* for March, Mr. Raphael N. Hamilton declares that the frontier supplies the primary explanation of such characteristic American qualities as extravagance, speed, tolerance, humor, patience, and common sense.

In describing the "Jordan County" of Montana in the *Geographical Review* for January, Dr. Isaiah Bowman contends that though the formal frontier line of America may have disappeared about 1890 it is a great mistake to suppose that frontier conditions passed at that time. In fact, after a recent study of a large area in Montana, he declares that "frontier living is still the rule, not in one community but in scores of communities, not in isolated districts but throughout a thousand-mile belt of territory." The article contains an interesting section on "Technology and Pioneer Settlement."

"The Earthquake of 1811 and Its Influence on Evangelistic Methods in the Churches of the Old South" is the subject of an article by Walter B. Posey in the *Tennessee Historical Magazine* for January. It deals with the disturbances centering at New Madrid, Missouri, which began on December 16, 1811, and which for weeks rocked the entire region of the central Mississippi Valley. Mr. Posey's article also has been published as a separate (8 p.).

A section on Minnesota is included in a compilation of useful information on *Boundaries, Areas, Geographic Centers, and Al-*

*titudes of the United States and the Several States* by Edward M. Douglas, issued by the United States department of the interior as number 817 of its *Geological Survey Bulletins* (1930. 265 p.).

Some records relating to the early fur-trader, Robert Dickson, may be found in a series of "Petitions for Grants of Land in Upper Canada, Second Series, 1796-99," edited by E. A. Cruikshank and published in volume 26 of the Ontario Historical Society's *Papers and Records* (Toronto, 1930). In a petition dated at Newark, July 14, 1797, Dickson states that he "has been Fifteen years in this Province, ten of which he has been in business as a merchant, & mostly in the North west trade."

A note about the career of David Thompson and the publication of his *Narrative* appears in W. J. Loudon's biography of J. B. Tyrrell, recently issued under the title *A Canadian Geologist* (Toronto, 1930).

"The study of Indian music is the study of a primitive expression by men of strong individualities," writes Frances Densmore in an article on "Peculiarities in the Singing of the American Indians" published in the *American Anthropologist* for October-December. The article is reprinted in the *Northwest Musical Herald* (Minneapolis) for May.

An informing essay on "The Central Ojibway" by Homer R. Kidder is included in a volume entitled *The Book of Huron Mountain*, published by the Huron Mountain (Michigan) Club in 1929.

A list of Iowa newspapers preserved at Des Moines appears in an article on "The Newspaper Collection of the Historical, Memorial and Art Department of Iowa" by Edward F. Pittman, published in the *Annals of Iowa* for January. Among items of special interest may be noted the *Dubuque Visitor* for the period from May, 1836, to May, 1837.

A collection of some three thousand volumes, "largely treasures of Scandinavian history and literature," has been presented to the State Historical Society of Wisconsin by Mr. Rasmus B. Anderson of Madison. With the gift are many manuscripts relating to Norwegian immigration to the United States.

A valuable descriptive and historical article entitled "Up and Down the Chippewa River" by R. K. Boyd appears in the *Wisconsin Magazine of History* for March. The same number contains a study of "Yankee-Teuton Rivalry in Wisconsin Politics of the Seventies" by Herman J. Deutsch, in which special attention is given to the problem of temperance.

Some interesting Minnesota connections are brought out in an article on "The Black Hills Gold Rush" by Harold E. Briggs in the *North Dakota Historical Quarterly* for January. Among other things Mr. Briggs tells of the activities in 1867 and 1868 of Captain P. B. Davy of Blue Earth, who planned an expedition to the Black Hills, with Yankton as the rendezvous, and who recruited men for the enterprise in Minnesota. In the spring of 1868, however, the expedition was denied permission to proceed by the commander of the Dakota military district on the ground that it would encroach upon Indian territory.

An interesting diary kept by Henry J. Hagadorn on the Sibley expedition of 1863 is published by John P. Pritchett in the "Notes and Documents" section of the *North Dakota Historical Quarterly* for January. In 1926 Mr. Pritchett used this diary as the basis of an article in *MINNESOTA HISTORY* (*ante*, 7: 326-335) entitled "Sidelights on the Sibley Expedition from the Diary of a Private."

A brief illustrated sketch of "Shipping on Lake Superior" by James McCannel appears in the *Eighteenth and Nineteenth Annual Reports*, covering the years 1926 to 1928, of the Thunder Bay Historical Society.

#### GENERAL MINNESOTA ITEMS

Dr. Solon J. Buck's account of the career of William W. Folwell is perhaps the sketch of greatest interest for Minnesotans in volume 6 of the *Dictionary of American Biography* (New York, 1931), edited by Allen Johnson and Dumas Malone for the American Council of Learned Societies. Other prominent Minnesotans whose lives are outlined in this volume are Henry T. Eddy, for many years dean of the graduate school of the University of Min-

nesota, by John Zeleny; John T. Fanning, a prominent hydraulic engineer, by Edna Yost; Jean Baptiste Faribault, the fur-trader, by Louise P. Kellogg; and Charles E. Flandrau, the well-known jurist, by Theodore C. Blegen. A number of additional sketches are of interest because their subjects spent parts of their lives in Minnesota or influenced activities in the state. These include Edward Eggleston, the author, by Ralph L. Rusk; Elling Eielsen, the founder of the Norwegian Evangelical Lutheran Church of North America, by George T. Flom; George Esterly, the pioneer inventor and manufacturer of farm machinery, by Carl W. Mitman; James B. Forgan, the banker, by Edward A. Duddy; Charles H. Fowler, bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, by James R. Joy; and Gabriel Franchère, one of the founders of Astoria, by Constance L. Skinner.

Under the title "Gopher Past Explored," Roy W. Swanson touches upon some of the archeological discoveries that have been made in Minnesota, in the *St. Paul Dispatch* for February 9. He tells chiefly of the quartz implements of an ancient race found near Little Falls and of the results of the excavations of the Indian mounds at St. Paul.

"In some future pantheon devoted to American rebels . . . a little niche will have to be found for Ignatius Donnelly," writes Louis M. Hacker in a sketch of the third-party leader published in the *New Freeman* for February 11. The political fortunes of the "turbulent, witty, talkative Donnelly" after 1870, when "he parted company with Republicanism and respectability" to join the agrarian movements of the Grangers, the Farmers' Alliance, and the Populists, are briefly traced. His literary labors are not neglected; a section is devoted to the series of exotic books that Donnelly produced in the eighties. Strangely enough Mr. Hacker assumes that today Donnelly's "name is probably not even a memory in his native Minnesota."

A vivid account of "A Tragedy of the Blizzard of 1873" by Michael Holden is among the offerings in the second issue of the *Southern Minnesotan*, that for March. It also contains a brief sketch of the history of McLeod County and somewhat similar articles about Sibley, Scott, Le Sueur, and Carver counties. In

the Scott County sketch considerable attention is devoted to the career of Thomas A. Holmes, the founder of Shakopee. An article entitled "Claim Jumping Episode at Mankato in '55" deals with the rivalry in the middle fifties of the Mankato Claim Company and the Blue Earth Settlement Claim Association. The editor devotes one section to a series of "Notes to Teachers" in which, among other things, he suggests a time correlation in the teaching of local history. The month of March is suggested as a suitable time in which to study pioneer hardships, whereas in April and May attention might be given to some of the brighter aspects of frontier life. In those two months, writes the editor, "New claims were taken, log cabins, shacks, or sod-houses built, land broken and foundations for farming laid. New towns were started and ambitious projects begun."

"Minnesota's 101 Best Stories," by Merle Potter, which began publication in the daily issues of the *Minneapolis Journal* last July (see *ante*, 11:454), are being continued in the Sunday issues of that paper. Among recent articles in the series are a sketch of the "Cornstalk war," a raid against hostile Chippewa in the Sunrise settlement of Chisago County in 1857, February 8; an account of *Frontier Business*, a newspaper published at Morris in 1876, February 22; and a description of Hibbing as a "real frontier town" of sixty saloons in 1901, March 1. Mr. Potter also is the author of a feature article, published in the magazine section of the *Journal* for March 29, dealing with "Minnesota's First Balloon," which was constructed at St. Paul in 1857 by William Markoe.

The United States war department is considering the placing of markers on a number of sites of historic interest in Minnesota, including those of Fort Ripley and of the Crow Wing agency, according to an announcement in the *Walker Pilot* for January 22. "A Frontier Fort That Knew No Wars" is how Lieutenant Colonel J. E. Nelson designates Fort Ripley in a sketch of its history in the *St. Paul Pioneer Press* for January 4. He calls attention to the fact that the new Minnesota National Guard training center on the upper Mississippi near Little Falls is to be known as Camp Ripley. The old frontier fort clearly makes an appeal to the

modern imagination. It is interesting in this connection to note that a replica of it is being erected at Deer Lake, near Grand Rapids, to house a boys' camp conducted by Mr. W. E. Doms, according to an announcement in the *St. Peter Herald* for March 18. "Frontier life in general will be depicted and relived in the summer program," and the boys who spend their summer vacations at Fort Minnesota — as the camp is called — will be taught many details about the historical background of their state. Mr. Doms has made arrangements for a number of historical exhibits to be displayed in the block house, which will serve as a museum.

Congress has appropriated funds for the erection of a monument at the "Old Crossing" of the Red Lake River near Crookston to commemorate the treaty made with the Chippewa at that place in 1863.

A feature article entitled "Stage Coach Days in Old Minnesota" by Merle Potter, in the magazine section of the *Minneapolis Journal* for January 18, is based in part upon Arthur J. Larsen's study of "Roads and Trails in the Minnesota Triangle" published *ante*, 11: 387-411. Mr. Potter quotes an interesting account, by Jane Grey Swishelm, the journalist, of a trip made by stage in 1860, and he gives bits of information about the stage drivers, taverns, rates, and companies. Pictures of stagecoaches and a map showing some of the principal stage routes in the state illustrate the article.

The story of the development of flour milling is reviewed by James F. Bell in an article entitled "The Apotheosis of the Old Gristmill," published in two installments in the *Northwestern Miller* for January 7 and 14. The second deals with the history of the Minneapolis mills. It traces their growth from 1866, when Governor Washburn built his first mill at the Falls of St. Anthony, through the industrial revolution brought about by the introduction of the purifier and the Hungarian roller process and the consequent expansion of markets, to the present. The changes in the milling industry are well summarized by Mr. Bell when he points out that "The process of elimination of the small mill, which began in 1879 with the introduction of rolls, has continued ever since, and there are now more than 20,000 fewer individual

flour mills in the United States than there were 50 years ago. The millstone is discarded, and except in isolated spots, inaccessible by railways, the old gristmill has disappeared."

Much information about the history and development of medicine in the Northwest is included in the sixtieth anniversary number of the *Journal-Lancet*, the official publication of a group of northwestern medical associations, issued on February 1. Attention is called to the work of Dr. Charles N. Hewitt in an article on the "Development of Preventive Medicine in the Northwest" by Dr. D. C. Lohead, and the "Development and Progress of Pediatrics in the Northwest" is traced by Dr. C. A. Stewart. Dr. Richard O. Beard contributes an interesting historical survey of the "Medical Schools of Minnesota," beginning with a preparatory school that was established at St. Paul as early as 1868. The life story of a pioneer St. Paul physician, Dr. Justus Ohage, is related by Justus G. Shifferes under the title "The Adventurer-Surgeon." The issue includes historical accounts of three medical organizations: the Hennepin County Medical Society; the North Dakota State Medical Association, by Dr. J. Grassick; and the South Dakota State Medical Association, by Dr. J. F. D. Cook.

In an illustrated feature article about the origin and development of the Gillette State Hospital for Crippled Children at Phalen Park, St. Paul, in the *St. Paul Pioneer Press* for January 11, Fred S. Heaberlin calls attention to the passing of twenty years since the institution was installed in its present home. He traces its history, however, back to 1897, when Dr. Arthur Gillette and Miss Jessie Haskins secured from the legislature the first appropriation for the hospital.

The development of the University of Minnesota school of forestry is traced in an interview with its founder, Professor E. G. Cheyney, in the *St. Paul Dispatch* for January 19.

What the writer believes to have been the "first public school in Minnesota supported entirely by local contributions"—that opened by Peter Garrioch at the "Baker Settlement" near Fort Snelling on December 1, 1837—is described in the *St. Paul Pioneer Press* for January 11. The article is based on the diary



kept by Garrioch, a young Canadian from the Red River settlements, from 1837 to 1847, and now in the possession of Mr. George H. Gunn of Saskatoon, Saskatchewan. Garrioch opened the Minnesota school after missing the last boat of the season bound down the Mississippi—an accident that forced him to spend the winter in the vicinity of Fort Snelling.

An historical sketch of "Catholic Missionary Schools Among the Indians of Minnesota" by Hugh Graham is published in *Mid-America* for January. The author states that the first Catholic school in Minnesota was established in 1838 at Grand Portage by Father Francis Pierz, though he points out that the first school within the area of Minnesota Territory was established nearly twenty years earlier at Pembina. The article includes an account of the Catholic school established in the early fifties at Long Prairie for the Winnebago Indians.

An article on the Indians of the White Earth reservation of Minnesota by Julia Chmelar appears in *Hospodar*, a Czech farm weekly issued in Omaha, for February 5. It deals with their present manner of life as observed by the writer, whose home is on a farm near the reservation.

How Miss Frances Densmore collected at Grand Portage the Chippewa implements and other objects illustrative of the life of these Indians recently acquired by the museum of the Minnesota Historical Society (see *ante*, 11:447) is explained in an illustrated article in the *St. Paul Dispatch* for January 21.

"Legislature Again Faces 1849's Problems" is the title of an illustrated feature article by Fred S. Heaberlin in the *St. Paul Pioneer Press* for January 4, in which the program outlined by Governor Ramsey for the first territorial legislature is compared with that before the 1931 session.

The directors of the St. Peter Company, which was "organized more than 75 years ago to effect the removal of the State Capitol from St. Paul to St. Peter," held their annual meeting at St. Paul on March 4. Articles about the company's origin and activities, with accounts of the trick by which "Joe" Rolette de-

feated its purpose, appear in the *St. Paul Dispatch* for March 4 and the *St. Peter Herald* for March 6.

*The Administration of Workmen's Compensation in Minnesota* by Lloyd A. Wilford issued by the Bureau for Research in Government of the University of Minnesota as number 9 of its *Publications* (Minneapolis, 1930. 35 p.), contains as its opening chapter a brief review of "The Development of Legislation on Workmen's Compensation."

A genealogical record is combined with a story of westward migration in a pamphlet entitled *Alfred Day, 1794-1886, Some Notes on His Life and Ancestry*, by Levi E. Day (Farmington, Minnesota, 1930. 8 p.). The writer traces the Day ancestry to Robert Day, who immigrated in 1634, and follows the fortunes of the family through to the nineteenth century. In 1818 Alfred Day emigrated from Massachusetts to Ohio. A second westward move in 1860 took him to Minnesota, where he eventually settled on a farm near Hastings.

#### LOCAL HISTORY ITEMS

Two speakers appeared on the program presented at a meeting of the Brown County Historical Society at New Ulm on January 12 — Dr. Theodore C. Blegen, assistant superintendent of the Minnesota Historical Society, and Mr. A. F. Anglemeyer of New Ulm. Dr. Blegen gave an illustrated talk entitled "Glimpsing Minnesota in the Fifties," which is published in the *Brown County Journal* of New Ulm for January 23 and 30; and Mr. Anglemeyer presented an interesting and detailed survey of the "History of Flour Milling in Brown County," which appears in the same paper for January 16, 23, and 30.

*A Brief History of the Scandia Swedish Baptist Church, 1855-1930* by the Reverend Carl G. Tideman (51 p.) contains an interesting account of a congregation in Waconia.

Joseph Renville is described as Watson's "first pioneer" because "he built his trading post and home and cattle ranch . . . only five miles west" of that place, in one of a series of sketches

of "Watson Community Pioneers" by J. J. Oyen, published in the *Watson Voice* beginning with the issue of February 19. Much material of general interest for the history of the Minnesota Valley is included, such as accounts of the missions, the treaty of 1851, the Sioux War, and railroad building; and this is followed by sketches of the early settlers who took up homesteads on the site of Watson.

About sixty people attended a meeting of the Cook County Historical Society at Grand Marais on February 21. The program included papers on "Pioneer Days at Lutsen" by Gust T. Nelson and Mrs. Rudolph J. Wethern, on the early settlement of Grand Marais by Matt Johnson, and on the "Naming of Cross River" by Mrs. A. G. Fradenburg. Mr. Nelson and Mrs. Wethern's paper appears in the *Cook County News-Herald* for February 26 and Mrs. Fradenburg's sketch is published in the same paper for March 19. The latter deals with Father Baraga's visit to the north shore of Lake Superior in 1846 and his erection of a cross at the mouth of the stream now known as Cross River.

The Cook County Historical Society is sponsoring a plan for the restoration of some of the old landmarks at Grand Portage, including a dock dating back to the period of the Northwest Company. A financial committee headed by Mr. Edward C. Gale of Minneapolis, has been appointed to superintend the raising of the necessary funds for the enterprise. Serving with him are Mrs. John E. Palmer, Mr. William W. Cutler, Dr. H. P. Ritchie, and Mr. George F. Lindsay, of St. Paul; Mrs. Charles S. Pillsbury, Mr. George P. Douglas, Mr. Walter A. Eggleston, Judge E. F. Waite, Dr. Solon J. Buck, and Mrs. Chilson D. Aldrich, of Minneapolis; and Mrs. Margaret Culkin Banning, Judge Bert Fesler, Mr. Rodney Paine, and Mr. George C. Barnum, of Duluth. The treasurer of the committee is Miss Frances Andrews of Minneapolis. The restoration of the dock probably will be completed before the La Vérendrye celebration on August 22.

Indian village sites and remains in the vicinity of Pequot were described by Mr. F. T. Gustafson in a talk before a meeting of

the Crow Wing County Historical Society at Brainerd on February 5.

The seventy-fifth anniversary of the founding of the First Presbyterian Church of Hastings was celebrated from January 25 to February 1. A brief sketch of the history of the church, which was established in 1855 by the Reverend Charles S. Le Duc, appears in the *Hastings Gazette* for January 23.

More than two hundred high school students entered a local history essay contest conducted recently by the Goodhue County Historical Society. The three prize-winning essays and two that received honorable mention were read before a meeting of the society at Red Wing on March 2. These were an account of the "Foundation of the Lime Industry in Red Wing," by Sam Blondell; "Reminiscences of an Early Settler"—H. W. McIntire—by Marian McIntire; a sketch of "A Founder of Red Wing—Rev. Joseph W. Hancock," by Frances Bentley; a survey of "Early Education in Goodhue County," by Ruth Holliday; and a description of "Early Red Wing," by John Davis. At a meeting of the society on January 6, Mr. Willoughby M. Babcock, curator of the museum of the Minnesota Historical Society, presented an illustrated talk on the history of Minnesota and Red Wing; and at another meeting on February 3 Mrs. Julius Siefert told of the pioneer wagon-making industry of Red Wing and Mr. C. T. Taylor, the county auditor, described the room that will be provided for the local historical society in the new courthouse.

The history of the Salem Mission Church, a Swedish congregation which celebrated its sixtieth anniversary on February 22, is traced, and something about settlement in its vicinity is presented in the *Willmar Tribune* for February 25.

The "History of Willmar Grade Schools" from 1870 to the present is traced briefly in the *Willmar Gazette* for January 22.

The museum of the Hutchinson Historical Society in the local public library was opened to the public with appropriate dedication ceremonies on February 14. The program included talks on Indian music by Mrs. Alvah H. Jensen and on "Collector's Luck" by Dr. J. H. Burns, the owner of a large collection of Indian ob-

jects. The museum's equipment includes a steel filing case for the storage of manuscripts and newspapers. A description of some of the special exhibits installed for the opening appears in the *Hutchinson Leader* for February 13.

A prairie fire that swept over a part of McLeod County in 1872 is vividly described by Win V. Working in the report of an interview with Mr. Fred Rogers of Biscay, a McLeod County pioneer, in the *Glencoe Enterprise* for February 19.

The career of David Olmsted, the prominent Minnesota pioneer for whom Olmsted County was named, is outlined in the *Rochester Post-Bulletin* for January 28 under the title "Man for Whom County Was Named Never Lived Within Its Borders." A portrait of Olmsted and a picture of his grave at St. Albans, Vermont, accompany the article.

Mr. Burt W. Eaton was the speaker at a celebration held at Rochester on February 6 to mark the seventieth anniversary of the first Presbyterian service held in the city. In his talk, which is summarized in the *Rochester Post-Bulletin* for January 7, he dwelt on the career of the Reverend Sheldon Jackson, a "circuit riding minister" of southeastern Minnesota who visited Rochester for the first time in 1861.

A second essay contest of much broader scope than that of last year (see *ante*, 11:221) has been announced by the Otter Tail County Historical Society. This contest is open to all and adults are encouraged to enter it. Essays will be judged on the basis of the materials used; source material and interviews with pioneers are to be given preference. Cash prizes are offered for the three best essays, and the ten best will be published in local newspapers. The judges are Theodore C. Blegen and Arthur J. Larson of the staff of the Minnesota Historical Society, and Carlton C. Qualey, a graduate student in the history department of the University of Minnesota.

At a meeting of the Rice County Historical Society at Fairbault on February 23, Mr. C. W. Newhall presented a detailed history of Shattuck School, Mr. F. M. Kaisersatt read a paper entitled "An Incident in the Life of Jack Frazer, Indian Scout,"

and Mr. Archer Young told about "Early Insurance in Rice County." Mr. Newhall's paper is published in installments with excellent illustrations in the *Shattuck Spectator*, beginning with the issue of January 28; and Mr. Kaisersatt's sketch appears in the *Faribault Daily News* for February 24. Mr. Young's talk was based on the papers of a local "insurance agents association" of 1860, and these were presented to the society by the speaker.

Four speakers appeared on the program presented in connection with a meeting of the Rock County Historical Society at Luverne on March 2: Mr. W. G. Perkins reviewed the early history of Battle Plain Township; Mr. Floyd J. Norton described the pioneer schools of Magnolia Township; Mr. J. N. Jacobson told of the early Sunday schools of Martin Township; and Mr. A. M. Solberg described the beginnings of church organization in the county.

With the exception of a paper on "West Duluth and Its Western Environs in History" by William E. Culkin, all the papers presented at a meeting of the St. Louis County Historical Society on January 14 at the Denfeld Senior High School of Duluth were contributed by members of the school's faculty. The "Preservation of Indian Lore" was discussed by Mrs. Katherine Wied, a "History of Pioneer Families of Denfeld High School" was presented by Helene B. Thwaites, and the "Amana Society" was described by Helen J. Thompson.

Recent issues of the *Belle Plaine Herald* include local history sketches by Win V. Working on the trading post established near Belle Plaine by Louis Robert in 1852, January 22; Gideon H. Pond's journey to Lac qui Parle in February, 1836, January 29; the flood of 1857 in the Minnesota Valley, February 12; the race of the Minnesota River boats, "Mollie Mohler" and "Chippewa Falls," in August, 1867, March 19; and early Irish settlers in Hancock Township, Carver County, March 26.

Essays prepared by students in an American history class of the Kerkhoven High School dealing with local history topics and based upon material gathered in the community have been appear-

ing in recent issues of the *Kerkhoven Banner*. Among the sketches published are a "History of Sunburg" by Milton Gulsvig, February 6; an account of the "Medical Profession in Kerkhoven" by John W. Johnson, February 13; a "History of the Salem Mission Church," founded by a group of Swedish Lutherans in the early seventies, by Ruby E. Johnson, February 27; an account of pioneer experiences in Swift County by Doris Nelson, March 6; a "History of Hayes Township" by Lorene M. Felt, March 13; and a "History of the Kerkhoven Lutheran Church" by Aileen Nelson, March 20.

Pioneer life in a Scotch settlement of Wabasha County is recalled in the *Lake City Graphic-Republican* for February 5 by Mrs. William Duffus, who immigrated from Scotland and joined the settlement in the late sixties.

The usual process of local historical organization is being reversed in Waseca County, where plans have been inaugurated by the Iosco Community Club of New Richland and the Waseca Boy Scouts for establishing a local historical museum. If sufficient interest is manifested in this project an historical society will be organized later, according to an announcement in the *New Richland Star* for February 20. The club has appointed a committee which is to "collect old records," make arrangements for the display of objects of historic interest, record the reminiscences of pioneers, and "mark locations of historic interest in Waseca county."

Considerable historical information is incorporated in a booklet issued *In Commemoration of the Diamond Jubilee of St. Paul's Evangelical Lutheran Church* of Lake Elmo, held on October 26, 1930 (17 p.). An explanatory note calls attention to the fact that original church records have been utilized in compiling the narrative.

Mr. Thomas Knutson, who settled near Rothsay in 1874 after traveling from Sibley County in a covered wagon, contributes an account of his life as a pioneer in western Minnesota to the *Rothsay Enterprise* for February 5.

The *Winona Republican-Herald* of February 23 includes a number of articles by members of the Winona County Old Settlers' Association, which held its annual meeting on that day. Mr. Paul Thompson contributes an interesting sketch of "James Allen Reed, Founder of Trempealeau, Wisconsin," and Mrs. Harriet Clarke Ashby recalls the elaborate military ball held at Fort Ridgely on February 22, 1865.

An article about the experiences of Mrs. Julia Moore of La Crescent as a pioneer in Blue Earth and Winona counties appears in the *Winona Republican-Herald* for January 13.

"The history of the great Northwest is on the lamp posts and street signs of St. Paul so that he who saunters or runs or rides may read," writes Roy W. Swanson in an editorial on St. Paul street names and their significance in the *St. Paul Dispatch* for January 29.

Among the projects that the St. Paul Public Library has in view is the compilation of an informal "Who's Who in St. Paul" writes Katherine Dame in an article entitled "What Is Reference Work?" published in the March issue of the *Wilson Bulletin for Librarians*.

The history of a group of St. Paul World War veterans is recorded in a pamphlet entitled *Biography-History-Roster of Joyce Kilmer Post No. 107, American Legion*. The roster is for the year 1930. The constitution and by-laws of the organization, which was established in 1923, are included in the pamphlet.



